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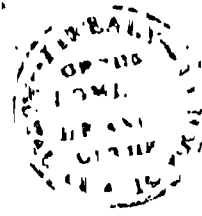
ENGLISH MELODIES.

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BY

CHARLES SWAIN,

AUTHOR OF "THE MIND," "DRAMATIC CHAPTERS," AND OTHER POEMS.



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LONDON:
[illegible]SWOODES and SHAW,
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In a world of things ideal
  Liv'd a maiden long ago;
Nothing pleased but the unreal —
  All her idols were of snow:
Moving thus in golden vision,
  Unto other eyes unknown,
Dwelt she in a world elysian —
  In a kingdom of her own.

In her soul for ever flowing,
  Like a stream of inner life,
Coming without thought, and going,
  There were *pictures* ever rife! —
Paintings of imagination,
  In which Earth could take no part;
All the soaring aspiration
  Of a spiritual heart.

From the empty dark creating
  Glories, hid from common sight;
Scenes of beauty that seem'd waiting
  Angel-footsteps to alight:
Views which, while her soul was seeing,
  Vanish'd without form or track;
And the mind that shap'd their being
  Never more could call them back.

Lost she then her life in dreaming
  Of a sphere which had no birth?
Are they wiser who are deeming
  All but Mammon little worth?
Is it nothing to inherit
  Glimpses of that world on high;
Depths of that diviner spirit
  Which we're told shall never die?

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PART FIRST.

SONGS AND LYRICAL PIECES

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

SONGS

AND

LYRICAL PIECES.

'TWAS COMING FROM THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

'Twas coming from the Village Church
I saw my false love nigh,
I said—Oh! shame me not, my heart,
But let me pass him by.
And so the colour left my cheek,
The tear forsook mine eye;
And with a timid step, and weak,
I pass'd my false love by.

He look'd — and thought, perchance, to see
The blush and tear of old;
But I was cold as he could be —
That is, I seem'd as cold!
For fast and fast my heart did fill,
Mine eyes could hold no more, —
He might have seen I lov'd him still,
Had I not gain'd the door.

I hurried to my own dear room,
I knelt me down to pray,
But still no firmness could assume,
My tears they would have way:
Oh! false, false lips, — oh! faithless part —
Oh! base, unmanly aim —
To seek for years to win a heart,
Then make its love — its shame!

FORGET NOT THE UNHAPPY.

FORGET not the unhappy
Amid the bright and gay,
The world can give you nothing
It will not take away;
Make much then of the moments
Ye never can renew,
And forget not the unhappy,
For, oh! their friends are few!

Their friends are few, and faintly
They whisper comfort now;
And offer scant assistance
With cold and cautious brow:
Each minute they are gazing
Upon their watch to go:
Oh! forget not the unhappy,
For kindness cometh slow!

Forget not the unhappy,
Though sorrow may annoy,
There's something then for memory
Hereafter to enjoy!
Oh! still from Fortune's garland,
Some flowers *for others* strew;
And forget not the unhappy,
For, ah! their friends are few.

GIPSEY BALLAD.

What care we for earth's renown ;
We, to greenwood pleasures born ;
Tinsel makes an easier crown
Than the proudest kings have worn.
Though our royal sword of state
Be a feeble willow wand ;
Courtiers have been glad to wait
For the pretty Gipsey's hand !
Underneath the old oak tree,
Soon as sets the summer day,
Gipsey lads and lasses we,
Dance and sing the night away.

Many bind their brows with care,
Labour through the anxious day,
Just to gain enough to bear
Corpse and coffin to the clay !

Though but little we may claim,
Still that little we enjoy ;
Wealth is often but a name,
Title but a gilded toy!
Underneath the old oak tree,
Soon as sets the summer day,
Gipsey lads and lasses we,
Dance and sing the night away.

DO YOU REALLY THINK HE DID?

I WAITED till the twilight,
And yet he did not come;
I stray'd along the brook side,
And slowly wander'd home;
When who should come behind me,
But him I would have chid;
He said he came to find me —
Do you really think he did?

He said, since last we parted,
He'd thought of nought as sweet,
As of this very moment —
The moment we should meet.
He show'd me where, half shaded,
A cottage home lay hid;
He said for me he made it —
Do you really think he did?

He said when first he saw me
  Life seem'd at once divine;
Each night he dreamt of angels,
  And every face was mine:
Sometimes a voice, in sleeping,
  Would all his hopes forbid;
And then he waken'd, weeping —
  Do you really think he did?

THE COTTAGE DOOR.

THE starry silence falls
Along my sylvan way,
A spirit walks the earth,
We never meet by day;
And list'ning to the voice
Of years that are no more;
My feet — Oh! know'st thou why?
Have wander'd to thy door.

The quiet taper burns
And makes thy casement bright,
And soft thy shadow falls
Between me and the light;
I gaze as on a shrine
My heart would bend before;
My couch had seen no rest,
Had I not seen thy door.

The Night, as if to breathe,
  Her starry curtain parts;
The very air seems faint
  With breath of lovers' hearts:
Some spirit robes the earth
  In light that heaven wore;
Or is that light thine own?—
  And is that heaven thy door?

LOVE GIFTS.

I've brought thee spring roses,
Sweet roses to wear,
Two buds for thy bosom
And one for thy hair;
I've brought thee new ribands
Thy beauty to deck,
Light blue for thy love-waist,
And white for thy neck!

Oh, bright is the beauty
That wooes thee to-night;
But brighter affection,
And lasting as bright!
I've brought thee, what's better
Than ribands or rose —
A heart that will shield thee
Whatever wind blows!

'Tis gladness to view thee,
Thus beaming and gay;
And walking in sweetness
As if thou wert *May!*
The spring of thy being
As lovely to see;
And, oh! what's diviner,
Affianc'd to me!

MORNING.

O'ER the bending rushes,
O'er the waving corn,
Where the fountain gushes,
Speed the wings of Morn ;
Like a bird in fleetness,
Singing on her way —
Fold me in thy sweetness
Angel light of day !

Flow'rets without number,
As thy footsteps pass,
Lift their heads from slumber
Out the dewy grass.
Down the lowly meadow,
Up the rising ground,
Waves of light and shadow
Chase each other round.

From the wild bee's humming,
From the choral throng,
Know we thou art coming,
Bringing life and song:
Oh! thou golden Morning,
Brightest boon of earth;
Mead and mount adorning,
Blessed be thy birth!

GIVE ME A FRESH'NING BREEZE.

Give me a fresh'ning breeze ahead,
While swift, the broad prow dips;
While far and wide the foam is spread,
And the salt is on our lips:
Like wingéd steeds the billows leap,
Their white manes dash'd with brine;
Hurrah! there's nothing like the deep,
Where'er the sun may shine.

Where'er the sun may shine, my boys,
There's nothing like the sea;
The spirit never soars so high,
The heart ne'er bounds so free,
As when the briny billows bear
With giant arms the ship:
I seem e'en now to taste the air
Of freedom on my lip!

Of freedom on my lip, my boys,
The dash, the foam, the spray;
The chorus of the elements,
Rough sounding on their way:
The laughing surges on our lee,
Careering in their mirth:
Hurrah! one hour upon the sea
Is worth a year on earth.

THE WOODBINE AND THE WILD ROSE.

THE woodbine and the wild rose
Enlace their fragrant charms,
The linnet sings within them,
Like Love in Beauty's arms!
Like Love in Beauty's arms, and sweet
It warbles notes within;
A song 'twould evermore repeat,
And ending, still begin!

The freshness of the wild rose
Adorns my own dear girl;
Like tendrils of the woodbine
Her golden ringlets curl:
Her golden ringlets curl, and sweet
Affection sings within
A song 'twould evermore repeat,
And ending, still begin!

Oh! would that life were ever
  Embower'd in love and truth,
No wintry age to sever
  The golden round of youth!
The golden round of youth, that sweet
  Its circling course should win,
Still ever turning to repeat;
  Still ending, to begin.

A PALE, PALE CHEEK.

A PALE, pale cheek my love but shows,
But when affection warms its hue,
Or when with friendship's light it glows,
A sweeter cheek Love never knew:
A faint, low voice, my love but owns —
A voice that trembles, like a tear;
But when 'tis tun'd to pity's tones,
'Tis angel soft — 'tis heavenly dear!

Like stars that o'er the azure pause
Ere stepping on the path of night,
Her eyes look down, till Friendship's cause
Uplifts them with a beaming light;
So beauty from affection springs,
So goodness lends an added grace,
There is no bloom that Nature brings
Can more adorn a woman's face.

TO THE LARK.

WHEREFORE is thy song so gay ?
Wherefore is thy flight so free ?
Singing — soaring — day by day ;
Thou'rt a bird of low degree !
Tirral-la !
Scarcely shelter'd from the mould,
We thy humble nest can see ;
Wherefore is thy song so bold ?
Little bird of low degree.
Tirral-la ! Tirral-la !

Humbly though my dwelling lie,
Next door neighbour to the earth ;
Rank, though lifted ne'er so high,
Cannot soar like humble worth :
Tirral-la !

Shall I silently repine,
When these birds of loftier airs
Say no parent race of mine
Built a nest as high as theirs?
Tirral-la! Tirral-la!

Give me but a summer morn,
Sweet with dew and golden light,
And the richest plumage born
Well may envy me my flight!
Tirral-la!
Through the azure halls of day,
Where the path of freedom lies,
Tirral-la! is still my lay—
Onward, upward to the skies!
Tirral-la! Tirral-la!

A VIOLET.

A VIOLET in her lovely hair,
A rose upon her bosom fair,
But oh! her eyes
A lovelier violet disclose,
And her ripe lips the sweetest rose
That's 'neath the skies.

A lute beside her graceful hand
Breathes music forth at her command,
But still her tongue
Far richer music calls to birth
Than all the minstrel power on earth
Can give to song!

And thus she moves in tender light,
The purest ray, where all is bright,
Serene and sweet;
And sheds a graceful influence round,
That hallows e'en the very ground
Beneath her feet.

DISTRESS.

Oh! *Distress* is a ship in which many must sail,
But, Providence with us, we'll weather the gale;
If breakers ahead set our safety in doubt,
We'll starboard the helm — put the vessel about:
Whilst a rag of her canvass the tempest can dare,
We'll baffle misfortune, and scorn to despair:
Still true to our colours, we'll never turn soft,
While there's Hope for our pilot, and Mercy aloft.

The fair-weather sailor in luxury lies,
Not a scowl on the wave, not a cloud on the skies!
But helpless he'll prove when his fortune is check'd,
In the very first storm of adversity wreck'd:
Whilst we, bred to danger, still danger can meet;
Still weather distress, and misfortune defeat;
No matter how trying, no matter how oft,
While there's Hope for our pilot, and Mercy aloft.

HAD THY VOICE.

Had thy voice been less caressing,
Had thy love been less a blessing,
I had scap'd these pangs distressing,
Scap'd these madd'ning tears:
Had I listen'd less delighted
When thy vows of love were plighted,
This lorn heart had ne'er been blighted,
In its spring of years.

How could I, with bosom heaving,
List — yet think that tongue deceiving?
Angels would have heard *believing*,
Midst the stars of eve:
Could'st thou see these cheeks decaying,
Thy lov'd eyes have blest, surveying,
Thou wouldst weep at thy betraying, —
Thou would'st gaze — and grieve!

THERE'S AN HOUR.

THERE's an hour when lutes are breathing
Sounds that only love may share;
When the rose of life is wreathing
All its sweetness on the air:
There's an hour when music falters
On the lute's complaining strings;
When the flower of feeling alters,
And the beautiful takes wings.

There's an hour when stars are glancing
Through the clouds that meet our sight,
When the barque of Hope comes dancing
O'er the purple waves of night:
There's an hour to sorrow given —
Swift it comes — too swiftly on:
When the stars have pass'd from heaven;
And the barque of Hope is gone!

BIRDS.

Birds! buy my birds!
I've the best that e'er flew, —
There is Love, a sweet bird,
But he's changeable too!
There is Hope, with a song
That a seraph might sing;
And Fame, that would compass
The earth with its wing!
Birds! buy my birds!
I've the best that e'er flew;
There is Love, a sweet bird,
But he's changeable too!

Birds! buy my birds!
There is one bird of mine,
One whose plumage is poor
But whose song is divine:

'Tis a bird they call Truth,
And its voice can restore
Even joy to the heart
When life's pleasure seems o'er:
Birds! buy my birds!
There is one bird of mine,
One, whose plumage is poor,
But whose song is divine!

Birds! buy my birds!
Fame's a shy bird to keep,
And it sings but at night
When the world is asleep:
Love and Hope too will fly
If they be not held fast,
But Truth will endure
And sing sweet to the last.
Birds! buy my birds!
There are few that can match
Such a cage full of birds —
And such hard ones to catch!

HOPE ON.

Better hope — and fall
From its service weary,
Than not hope at all
In a world uncheery:
Better still, though griev'd,
Hope — and die deceiv'd,
Hopeless life is dreary!

Better hope — and see
Constant friendship never,
Than not hope and be
Without friendship ever —
Better far to miss
Something of life's bliss
Than from all to sever!

Better to forgive:
Still, of all things, making
Something bright to give
Hearts less cause for aching:
Though the night hath set,
There's a morning yet
Midst the angels waking.

THE THREE CALLERS.

Morn calleth fondly to a fair boy straying
'Mid golden meadows, rich with clover dew;
She calls — but he still thinks of nought, save playing;
And so she smiles — and waves him an Adieu!
Whilst he, still merry with his flowery store,
Deems not that Morn, sweet Morn! returns no more.

Noon cometh — but the boy, to manhood growing,
Heeds not the time — he sees but one sweet form,
One young fair face, from bower of jasmine glowing,
And all his loving heart with bliss is warm:
So Noon, unnotic'd, seeks the western shore,
And man forgets that Noon returns no more.

Night tappeth gently at a casement gleaming
With the thin fire light, flick'ring faint and low;
By which a gray-hair'd man is sadly dreaming
O'er pleasures gone—as all Life's pleasures go:
Night calls him to her—and he leaves his door,
Silent and dark; — and he returns no more.

I'VE GROWN SO NERVOUS LATELY.

I've grown so nervous lately,
When seated in my bower;
I never hear my love pass by
But quick I drop a flower!
The rose I found this morning,
All dewy, fresh, and sweet,
Before I could prevent it,
Had fallen at his feet!

He stoop'd, and then entwin'd it,
And I was much afraid,
And begg'd him not to mind it,
But still he stay'd —and stay'd!
Until my mother call'd so,
He could but bid Adieu;
He took away my rose, though,
I wonder if he knew?

THE HURRICANE.

In the west a line of silver
  Seem'd from darkness to emerge,
Like the gleaming sword of Azrael,
  On the dim horizon's verge:
Deep and deeper frown'd the darkness,
  Whiter grew that line of fear:
All that gaz'd knew well the omen, —
  Knew the Hurricane was near!

Bowsprit high the billows mounted,
  E'en the firmest held their breath;
Thundering onward swept the ocean,
  With a darkness grim as death:
Shrouds and stays were rent asunder,
  Masts and spars were snapp'd in twain,
Black'ning downwards rush'd the heavens —
  Roaring upwards roll'd the main.

O'er her bows the foremast splinter'd,
Blocks and cordage strew'd the air;
Headlong down the vessel founder'd —
All was shrieking and despair!
'Mid a wild and whirling chaos,
All above me and around, —
Struggling arms and gasping faces,
And the drowning, and the drown'd!

NIGHT AND SILENCE.

Was it something in the heavens —
  Something in the starry air?
Never look'd the knight so noble,
  Never seem'd the maid so fair;
As she sat, and he leant by her,
  Whisp'ring sweet some poet's lay:
Are we nearer unto Heaven
  In the night than in the day?

Silence slumber'd, like a river,
  Which, if but a leaflet cross'd,
Dimpled, circled, widening ever,
  Till in very fineness lost!
Is a tenderer spirit given
  To that hour of mild decay?
Are we nearer unto Heaven
  In the night than in the day?

Is some feeling of devotion
  Link'd to Silence from its birth?
Springs it from that deep emotion
  Which is ever mute on earth?
May it, like an angel passing,
  O'er our dark and devious way,
Lead us nearer unto Heaven
  In the night than in the day?

THE OLD THORN.

Thou art gray, old Thorn, and leafless—
  Leafless, though the Spring be near;
But my love hath sat beside thee,
  And each branch of thine is dear!

Thou art small, green cot, and humble;
  Little in thy looks to cheer;
But my true love dwells within thee,
  And each stone of thine is dear.

Love makes all things sweet and holy,
  All things bright, however drear;
All things high, however lowly;—
  What were Life were Love not here?

CONCEIT.

Oh! have you all the beauty earth e'er knew
That you're so vain?
Less pride might serve, if even it were true;
And you might gain
By humbler show of graces you possess;
The haughty bearing makes the charm the less.

Nor is your beauty everything to praise;
Although your glass
Reflect so fair a vision to your gaze,
And, as you pass,
A form, with something of patrician air;
Yet hath the world some faces quite as fair.

And eyes as blue, and ringlets just as curl'd,
And lips of rose; —
You have not all the beauty in the world,
As you suppose:
And if you had, — 'tis easy to be seen
What beauty loses with so proud a mien!

BACCHUS AND THE PIRATES.

At the purple close of evening,
Careless Bacchus sleeping lay;
Pirates, from the coast of Naxos,
Bore him to their deck away:
When the slumb'ring god awaken'd,
Wond'ring he beheld the deep;
While the Pirates laughing told him,
Boys should ne'er be caught asleep!
Ha! ha! Bacchus!—ha! ha! Bacchus!
Boys should ne'er be caught asleep.

As they jeer'd green vines kept springing,
Rich as fed by southern gales;
From each plank their broad leaves flinging,
Mingling with the cords and sails!
Circling mast and spar, like Beauty
Round the neck of warrior brave;
Whilst the ship, unfit for duty,
Lay all helpless on the wave:
Ha! ha! Bacchus!—ha! ha! Bacchus!
Who's the captor?—who's the slave?

All amaz'd the Pirates gazing,
Watch'd the clustering grapes ascend —
To the topmast spar aspiring,
As their richness ne'er would end:
Then the Pirates, lowly kneeling,
Strove to turn the boy-god's frown;
But the ship, like drunkard reeling,
With a sudden shriek went down;
Ha! ha! Bacchus! — ha! ha! Bacchus!
Fathoms deep the traitors drown.

LOVE'S HOUR.

Ye stars, that bright as seraphs seem
To walk the circling sky,
Go, softly at her casement beam,
And say Love's hour is nigh!
Ye waves, that lingering leave the shore,
As if its flowers were dear,
Steal gently to my Mary's door,
And whisper I am here!

Go, with thy plaintive notes, sweet bird,
And touch her tender heart;
And tell her I would speak one word —
A word, ere I depart!
Go, perch upon the jasmine spray,
That twines her lattice free;
And ask her why she stays away
So long from Love and me?

IN MY FAIRY GARDEN.

In my fairy garden
There are trees of gold,
On whose sparkling branches
Opal buds unfold;
Flowers of pearl and ruby
Meet the wond'ring sight;
Sands, beneath my footsteps,
Gleam like stars of night!
Who would be a mortal?
Toiling but to gain
What at best is little —
And that little — vain.

In my fairy grotto,
Perch'd on emerald stems,
Soft as polar rainbows —
Bright as living gems —

I have birds, whose music,
Sweet as Eden's own,
Floats around the garden
To my crystal throne!
Who would be a mortal?
Living but to find
Few the true in friendship—
And those few — unkind!

In my fairy palace
I've a thousand slaves,
Who attend my summons,
If my hand but waves:
Silks of silver tissue
Bring they to my side;
Whilst I lean, 'mid odours,
Like an Eastern bride!
Who would be a mortal?
Living but to know
That with all his knowledge,
Knowledge is but woe!

MY POOR OLD NURSE.

You'll call me when you're going,
I'll not be long away;
Across the field, beyond the stile,
I don't intend to stay!
'Tis close upon the cottage
That you and I have seen,
My poor old Nurse will fret so,
And wonder I've not been:
My poor old Nurse!

Call loud, and I shall hear you,
'Tis right below the stile;
I need not be a moment,
If you'll but wait the while:
I've only just to ask her
About her health,—and then
Before the minute finger,
I'll hurry round again:
My poor old Nurse!

There was waiting in the village,
And in the meadow near;
And calling by the upland stile
For one that would not hear!
But on a morning early,
Ere many days had run,
That young and beauteous maiden
Had wed the Nurse's son:
My poor old Nurse's son!

LOVE'S HISTORY.

By sylvan waves that westward flow,
A hare-bell bent its beauty low,
With slender waist and modest brow,
Amidst the shades descending —
A star look'd from the paler sky,
The hare-bell gaz'd, and with a sigh
Forgot that love may look too high,
And sorrow without ending.

By casement hid, the flowers among,
A maiden lean'd and listen'd long;
It was the hour of love and song,
And early night-birds calling:
A barque across the river drew; —
The rose was glowing through and through
The maiden's cheek of trembling hue,
Amidst the twilight falling.

She saw no star, she saw no flower,
Her heart expanded to the hour;
She reck'd not of her lowly dower
Amidst the shades descending:
With love thus fix'd upon a height
That seem'd so beauteous to the sight,
How could she think of wrong and blight,
And sorrow without ending?

The hare-bell droop'd beneath the dew,
And clos'd its eye of tender blue;
No sun could e'er its life renew,
Nor star, in music calling:
The autumn leaves were early shed,
But earlier on her cottage bed
The maiden's loving heart lay dead,
Amidst the twilight falling!

THE REBUKE.

Oh! speak to me no more — no more —
Nor cast your sighs away;
For what you think is to adore,
I feel is to betray.
Your words—your vows—in vain would hide
The truth which I divine,
If wedding me would hurt *your* pride
Then wooing me hurts mine.

Oh! ne'er commit so great a fault,
Nor wrong the vows you've made;
For what you say is to exalt —
I feel is to degrade! —
To make me yours, whilst life endures,
Must be at God's own shrine:
If such a bride would hurt your pride,
Then such a love hurts mine.

HO! BREAKERS ON THE WEATHER BOW.

Ho! breakers on the weather bow,
And hissing white the sea;
Go, loose the topsail, mariner,
And set the helm a-lee:
And set the helm a-lee, my boys,
And shift her while ye may;
Or not a living soul on board
Will view the light of day.

Aloft the seaman daringly
Shook out the rattling sail;
The danger fled—she leapt a-head
Like wild stag through the gale:
Like wild stag through the gale, my boys,
All panting as in fear,
And trembling as her spirit knew
Destruction in the rear!

Now slacken speed — take wary heed —
All hands haul home the sheet ;
To Him who saves, amidst the waves,
Let each their prayer repeat:
Let each their prayer repeat, my boys,
For but a moment's gain
Lay 'tween our breath and instant death
Within that howling main.



FANCIES.

My love is like a morn in Spring,
So bright, so blest;
Her heart seems ever more to sing
Within her breast:
That graceful breast of fragrant snow,
Where swan-like love's warm pulses go.

My love is like the Moon's dear light,
So sweet her face;
She, o'er the lowly walks of night,
Sheds hope and grace,
And, like the Moon, her presence brings
Refinement to the humblest things.

My love — oh! I could muse, and dwell
Upon her lot,
And still find something more to tell,
Some charm forgot.
She treads the path that life hath given
As beauteous as a star in heaven.

NATURE AND FASHION.

'Tis Nature makes the gentleman,
'Tis Nature moulds the heart and mind,
Endows, far more than Fashion can,
With all its boast of modes refin'd:
Your Rank is but a *human* gift,
And all experience proves it so;
No earthly titles yet could lift
The mean, the worthless, and the low.
Then be ye bold when fools look cold,
For right and reason both commend it,
And surely they who make the gold
Are good as they who waste or spend it.

'Tis Nature grants the wisdom — power —
The innate tenderness of thought;
A lofty mind is Nature's dower,
A boon no fortune ever bought.

Where Nature's hand hath been before,
  There's little need of Fashion's touch;
Can Rank for Manhood's grace do more?
  It often fails to do as much:
Then be ye bold when fools look cold,
  For right and reason both commend it;
And surely they who make the gold
  Are good as they who waste or spend it.

I LOST MY WAY.

I LOST my way, the other day,
The sun was just an hour from noon,
I caught the trace of one sweet face,
A face my heart but lov'd too soon!
The grace so light, the glance so bright,
The slender foot that tripp'd so free;
The mind, the worth, — oh! nought on earth
Was dear as that sweet face to me.

But long ere night, my hope took flight,
Such charms I learnt were not for me;
My heart might break for her dear sake, —
And better death than thus to be!
I lost my way, the other day,
The sun was just an hour from noon;
I caught the trace of one sweet face,
A face my heart but lov'd too soon.

THE SUN OF LIFE.

FORTUNE is the sun of life,
All is warm and bright then;
Every step with pleasure rife,
Time is all delight then!—
Love is glancing 'neath its ray,
All is fair and fond then;
Life is just a summer day—
Not a care beyond then!

Poverty's the night of life,
All is dark and drear then;
Every step with sorrow rife,
Every day's a fear then!—
Friendship, like a star above,
Glimmers high and cold then:
Love—alas! the hopes of love—
Scorn'd, as soon as told then!

THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM.

WITHIN the span of human sight
How oft, while clouds of ether float,
The sun will shed its glorious light
On *distant* hills and meads remote:
While objects nearer to his beam
See shade on darker shade increas'd;
Thus, those who nearest fortune seem
May oftentimes enjoy it least.

The few our feelings would select
As happiest on the face of earth,
Have trials which we ne'er suspect,
And griefs unknown to humble birth.
The fortunate are often those
We least should fortunate esteem,
We soon should find, whate'er we chose,
Things are not always what they seem.

I.

THE BOTTLE.

The Bottle, I've said, though but few yet believ'd it,
Is rarely content till it's had its own way;
It may give you a pleasure, but when you've received it,
You're sure to pay double in sadness next day:
'Neath its social enchantment earth seems all elysian,
Every trouble in life, every trial seems o'er,
But the morning awakes, — and away goes the vision,
And earth is more dreary and dark than before.

You say that the Bottle hath friends ever ready
To serve you, or shield you, whatever betide;
But if to *true* Friendship the Bottle be steady,
'Tis known to be steady to nothing beside:

'Tis the bloom of the west that in glory adorning
The banquet of Night in its crimson array,
Leaves a cloud and a tear on the cheek of the
morning,
And darkens the proud independence of day.

A HOLLOW AND A WHISTLING WIND.

A HOLLOW and a whistling wind
Across the mountain blows,
The heavy vapour hangs unmov'd
Above the lingering snows:
A glare is in the eastern sky,
A dull and reddish glare,
The dawning of a wintry day,
Behind the forest bare!

A signal on the narrow path
That skirts the misty hill,
A voice beneath the castle-wall, —
But the wind is never still:
And lo, from out the postern-gate
A maiden ventures slow;
Her step as soft as moonlight steals
Across the silent snow!

One issued from the postern-gate,
But *two* speed down the land
Between the river and the rock,
Where tower and chapel stand:
All pale they reach the gothic door —
It opens to their touch;
The vow is said — the rite is read —
They're one — who love so much!

But hark! a trampling sound is heard
Above the north wind drear;
A shout, a crash, and in men dash
With torch, and sword, and spear!
In vain the maiden clings to save,
Too swift their sharp swords meet;
A brother's blade her love hath laid
A corpse beside her feet!

BEFORE MY LIP.

Before my lip could words command,
I saw thy form depart,
And I controll'd, with trembling hand,
The madness of my heart:
When next our glances met I spoke,
And thou received'st my vow;
Hope then, like heaven's pure radiance broke—
Alas! where is it now!

Away from sylvan walks and streams,
That breath'd of love and youth,
Thou dwelt 'midst fashion's tinsel-beams,
Forgetful of thy truth!
Once more I saw, 'neath heaven's cope,
That face I deem'd so fair;
But, ah! so chang'd, so cold — that Hope
Thrill'd through me like Despair.

I heard thy heart was false — thy vow
To other ears was sigh'd;
I heard — and spurn'd the thought — but now
I would that I had died!
For what is life — when lost the dower
That makes existence bliss?
Ah, me! the madness of that hour,
The misery of this!

I CANNOT SAY THAT EVERY DAY.

I CANNOT say that every day
Shall be as free from care and woe;
Of this be sure, however poor,
I'll do my best to make them so!
And if a moment of distress
Should mar the bliss which Heaven hath sent,
Affection still shall make it less,
And lighten what it can't prevent.

I cannot vow that all, as now,
Shall speak, and smile, and bloom around;
Existence here, without a tear,
No living creature yet hath found:
I cannot say thou shalt not weep,
For Life through many a storm must steer;
But Sorrow's tooth is far less deep,
When those who love us best are near.

THE WOOD RANGERS.

Oh! gaily in the greenwood
We Rangers spend the hours;
Our castle is the chestnut brave,
Our couch the golden flowers:
The forest spreads around us
Its wild and leafy lair,
We know each branch and bramble,
As they our children were:
No king had ever subjects
More faithful than our own,
For every heart is firm as oak,
That guards his greenwood throne.
Hurrah!
Thus gaily in the olden spot, we live without sorrow,
To-day we gain a prize — if not, why bad luck to-morrow.

When storms are bursting o'er us,
And boughs like billows sweep,
We join the merry chorus,
And fill the flagon deep.
The morning hears our rifles
Within the hollow glen,
And heavy is the golden prize
Which glads our dauntless men:
The stag that leapt at sunrise
Provides whereon to dine,
And purple in the goblet
Springs up the laughing wine.
Hurrah!

Thus gaily in the olden spot we live without a sorrow,
To-day we gain a prize — if not, why better luck to-morrow.

WHY SHOULD THY VOICE.

Why should thy voice still follow me
When I am all alone;
Why should I blush as if thy gaze
Were still upon me thrown?
Why think of thee with tenderness,
I never may divulge;
Why love thee with a constancy
'Tis madness to indulge?

A thousand vague deceitful dreams
I summon to my aid;
One moment Hope seems perfect light,
'The next 'tis but a shade:
And then I vow to banish thee —
To think of thee no more;
But, ah! each vain attempt but leaves
Thee dearer than before.

*MAIDEN WORTH.

Her home was but a cottage home,
A simple home and small;
Yet sweetness and affection made
It seem a fairy hall:
A little taste, a little care,
Made humble things appear
As though they were translated there
From some superior sphere!
Her home was but a cottage home,
A simple home, and small,
Yet sweetness and affection made
It seem a fairy hall.

As sweet the home, so sweet the Maid,
As graceful and as good;
She seem'd a lily in the shade,
A violet in the bud!

She had no wealth, but maiden *worth*, —
A wealth that's little *fame*;
Yet that's the truest gold of earth —
The other's but a name!
Her home was but a cottage home,
A simple home and small
Yet sweetness and affection made
It seem a fairy hall.

A cheerfulness of soul, that threw
A smile o'er every task,
A willingness, that ever flew
To serve, e'er one could ask!
A something we could wish *our own*;
A human floweret, born
To grace in its degree a throne,
Or any rank adorn!
Her home was but a cottage home,
A simple home and small,
Yet sweetness and affection made
It seem a fairy hall!

SIGNS.

When the sky is all crimson at eve,
'Tis a sign of fair morning, my dear,
When the cheek is all red, I believe,
'Tis a sign there is somebody near!
Somebody maids should not seek,
Somebody dearer than day;
When roses bloom warm on the cheek,
There is somebody not far away.

When the gold of the west is all gone,
'Tis a sign that the day's going too;
Gold *lost*, is a sign coming on
That somebody's going to rue!
Somebody maids should decline,
If they wish earthly cares to be few,
When the gold is all gone 'tis a sign
Very often that Love's going too!

THE HEART'S MUSIC.

THE bird that to the evening sings
Leaves music, when her song is ended;
A sweetness left — which takes not wings —
But with each pulse of eve is blended:
Thus life involves a double light,
Our acts and words have many brothers;
The heart that makes its own delight
Makes also a delight for others.

The owls that hoot from midnight tower
Shed gloom and discord ere they leave it;
And sweetness closes, like a flower
That shuts itself from tones that grieve it:
Thus life involves or double joy,
Or double gloom, for each hath brothers;
The heart that makes its own annoy
Makes also an annoy for others.

THE HAIL IS BEATING.

THE hail is beating 'gainst the door,
The lightning flash is in the sky;
And darkly o'er the dismal moor
The awful thunder rolleth by:
But Love cares not for wet or dry;
I'll out, and breast the driving storm —
Content if at the last I spy
My little Mary's beauteous form.

She'll beam like morn from out the gloom,
She'll cast the wet cloak from my breast,
Her cheek to mine will lend its bloom,
Her lip to mine be fondly press'd!
Flash out, ye fiery swords of night,
Ye light the path my foot would tread,
But guide me to my love's dear sight,
And howl, ye tempests, over head.

HE'S CROSSING O'ER THE BRIDGE; JANE.

He's crossing o'er the bridge, Jane,
He's pass'd the ruin'd wall;
He looks at Mary's cottage —
But he does not — will not call:
No — see he's passing quickly,
As if afraid to wait;
His breath is coming thickly —
He's knocking at our gate.

Come, braid your lovely hair, Jane,
And smooth away that frown,
Lift up that drooping bosom,
And hasten kindly down;
Believe me he's repenting,
And though it come but late,
'Tis useless now lamenting —
He's knocking at the gate.

And though he knock for ever,
Knock, till the stars grow dim,
Each tress I would dissever —
Ere braid my hair for him :
Ere take one step to greet him —
Or act so weak a part ; —
Let Mary haste to meet him,
He will not break his heart.

The last attempt hath ended,
Each lingering knock is o'er ;
The youth's false step hath wended
Its way to Mary's door.
One look of woe — no painting
Hath ever yet express'd ;
And that wrong'd heart lies fainting
Upon a sister's breast.

THE CORNER.

THE seat in the corner —
What comfort we see
In that type of affection,
Where love bends the knee;
When the prayers of our childhood
We learn'd to repeat,
And the lips of a mother
Made holiness sweet.

The name of a corner
Has something still dear,
That tells us of pleasures
Ne'er bought with a tear:
Of lov'd ones remember'd,
Of faces, once gay,
That have fled like a dream,
Like a vision away.

In our letters, full often,
  Kind sayings abound;
But still in the corner
  The kindest is found:
We look to the postscript,
  And there, written small,
We find in the corner
  Words dearer than all!

Our heart receives many
  We love with good will,
But who gets the corner
  Is lov'd the best still:
For the heart hath its corner,
  And dear is the one
Who remains its possessor
  Till life's love is gone

THE FIRST COUPLE.

When bright with woman's glance and grace,
Fair Eve to Adam's love was given,
He gaz'd upon her beauteous face,
And thought that earth indeed was heaven.
Each day some new delight appear'd,
Each hour some new attraction sprung;
He found each link of life endear'd,
At last he found — *that she'd a tongue.*

Close hid within those ruby gates,
With all those pearly guards to screen it,
He heard her tongue — tradition states —
An hour or two before he'd seen it.
She teaz'd, as only woman can,
A power they've kept for ages long —
Her plan was still the better plan,
Her tongue by far the better tongue.

Despite her charms, that sweetly beam'd,
  Poor Adam thought, before a week,
That, though perfection else, it seem'd
  A great mistake to make her speak.
Yet was she precious to his heart;
  And as for faults — why, she was young:
He would not with an atom part,
  No — not a jot, except her tongue.

A WISH.

Her lips like rose and rose-bud meet,
Close shut at eve, and folded sweet ;
The dew may gain that soft retreat,
And enter in unheeded:
Oh! happy dew, might I do this,
Thus trembling win that home of bliss —
Thus lose existence in a kiss —
I'd care not how time speeded.

Her hair — one curl had left the rest,
And hung as lightly o'er her breast,
As if her bosom it caress'd,
And in its beauty prided ;
Oh! happy curl, such charms to press,
To meet the breath that heaves to bless —
Would I might clasp such loveliness,
And touch that cheek unchided!

THE NIGHT COMES COLD.

THE night comes cold and colder down,
The woodlark trembling feels the dew;
All nature seems to freeze and frown,
Whilst by-gone sorrows spring anew:
The clouds in sullen grandeur part
And keenly course the stormy air;
But, oh! the winter of the heart
It is the keenest yet to bear!

No matter what the season be,
If all within be warm and bright;
'Tis not the bitter cloud we see,
But clouds within that deepen night:
The griefs that from the darkness start,
To mourn the loss no tears repair:
Alas! the evening of the heart —
It is the darkest yet to bear.

COME, LET ME TAKE THY HAND IN MINE.

Come, let me take thy hand in mine,
And it shall be a token,
That I'm thy friend, till life shall end,
And this worn heart be broken:
I ask not hope — too well I know
Such hope can ne'er be given;
But I may love thee here below,
As angels love in heaven.

Nay, never turn thy face away,
Nor hide that falling tear:
It is no sorrow to decay —
When life's no longer dear!
Then let me take thy hand in mine,
For all too soon we sever;
My life is like that tear of thine —
Scarce seen — ere lost for ever.

A LAMENT.

Oh! the lost — they leave life drear;
Evermore — evermore:
Nothing can restore
That which made existence dear;
Pass'd — like music on the ear —
Evermore!

Darkness hath the soul o'erspread,
Ever dark — ever dark;
Lost Hope's latest spark:
For the beautiful hath fled —
And a shadow wraps the dead —
Ever dark!

Day returns, but not to save:
Hope is gone — ever gone;
Life is all alone:
I read her name upon her grave —
I hear the moaning of the wave —
Ever gone!

THE ROAR OF THE TEMPEST.

The roar of the tempest came down from the land,
And white grew the face of the sea,
And a cloud in the distance, as small as a hand,
Seem'd leading the storm on our lee:
One moment the moon like a beacon-light shone
In the heaven's magnificent arc;
In the next, like a phantom, 'twas vanish'd and gone,
And the sky and the ocean grew dark.
But let the old vessel be toss'd where she will,
High or low, on her perilous way —
Though the billows rage high, there is One higher still,
Whom the lightning and tempest obey!

Strike the top-gallant masts — reef the mainsail, I cried,
Let the mizen yard swiftly be lower'd;
One dash of the sea stove the bolts by my side,
And the rain like a hurricane pour'd:

On we rush'd with the blast, it was fearful to think
Of the rocks which our course might soon check;
For I felt that we stood on eternity's brink,
And the ship might, ere morn, be a wreck:
Still, I thought, let the vessel be toss'd where she will,
High or low, on her perilous way —
Though the billows rage high, there is One higher still,
Whom the lightning and tempest obey.

Oh! often we look'd to the desolate east,
Still hoping the worst had now pass'd;
As little by little the dim light increas'd,
And the dawn, the blest dawn, came at last.
The swell of the billow lay hush'd into sleep,
The ocean scarce utter'd a sigh;
But the foam of its anger lay white on the deep,
And told of the madness gone by:
So I cried let the vessel be toss'd where she will,
Our spirits shall gratefully say —
Though the billows rage high, there is One higher still,
Whom the lightning and tempest obey.

MORN ON THE MEADOW.

Morn on the meadow, and blossom and spray
Glitter like gems in the dewlight of day,
Grasses of emerald, tufted with gold;
Lilies, like Love, when too bashful and cold;
Wings of the wild bee, disturbing the nest
Of the lark, that still broods o'er the song in its breast;
Flow'ret and butterfly wake as new born,
For 'tis morn on the meadow, the dew-lighted Morn.

Night on the fields and the Mower hath been.
And the gems of the meadow no longer are seen;
The bright and the beautiful, faded and dead,
Lie cold as the tears which the moonlight hath shed:
The lark, like a spirit, still wanders the air,
And all nature is sad with her song of despair,
All perish'd the blossom, the golden and green;
For 'tis Night on the field — and the Mower hath been.

Alas! for the Beautiful! Time hastens on,
We look where they bloom'd — but the lovely are gone,
The Morn of existence hath fled like the wind —
And the Evening comes on — and leaves sorrow behind.
The years of our being are lost like a breath,
For the Mower hath been, and that Mower is Death!
But a Morn yet shall rise, and the dead be reborn,
And a beauty eternal encircle that Morn.

EVER COMPLAINING.

Ever complaining,
Nothing is right;
Daylight is dreary —
Wearisome night:
Ever rejecting,
Quick to destroy,
The little that's left
For our life to enjoy!

Shame on the nature
Thankless and vain,
Shame on the temper
Eager to pain!
Hearts that in selfishness
Only are cast,
Darkening the present
With clouds of the past!

Sad that the summer
  Of life should be spent
In blighting the roses
  For happiness sent;
Sad that affection
  So often should grieve
Over natures that seem
  Only born to deceive!

'TWAS JUST BEFORE THE HAY WAS MOWN.

'Twas just before the hay was mown,
The season had been wet and cold;
When my good dame began to groan,
And speak of days and years of old:
Ye were a young man then,—and gay,—
And raven black your handsome hair;
Ah! Time steals many a grace away,
And leaves us many a grief to bear.

Tush! tush! said I, we've had our time,
And if 'twere here again 'twould go;
The youngest cannot keep their prime,
The darkest head some gray must show.
We've been together forty years,
And though it seem but like a day,
We've much less cause, dear dame, for tears,
Than many who have trod life's way.

Goodman, said she, ye're always right,
And 'tis a pride to hear your tongue;
And though your fine old head be white,
'Tis dear to me as when 'twere young.
So give your hand — 'twas never shown
But in affection unto me;
And, I shall be beneath the stone —
And lifeless — when I love not thee.

MORN AND EVE.

Calm and bright the Morn was bending
O'er the sylvan town of Clare;
Slow the pale blue smoke ascending
Lost itself in dew and air!
As, by peace and beauty bounded,
Thus I gaz'd upon its charms,
Swift a martial trumpet sounded,
And the drum re-beat to arms!

Sudden, troop on troop, advancing,
Swept the trampled plain below:
Helm and spear and bayonet glancing,
Answer'd quick the trumpet's blow:
Like a wild and fiery ocean,
Soon the waves of battle spread —
Foe to foe in red commotion;
Struggling life, and gory dead!

Bright the beam of Morn came shining
  Over mead and vale and flood;
Dim the sun, at its declining,
  Show'd a scene of woe and blood!
Many a shrieking maiden fainted,
  With a grief no time hath heal'd:
Oh! the bloom, which morn had painted!
  Oh! the blight, which night reveal'd!

DOWN THE FROZEN VALLEY.

Down the frozen valley,
Down the mountain side
Lo, the Morn is coming,
Like a timid bride:
High the hill-tops round her
Glow with sudden grace;
Blushing as with pleasure,
When they meet her face.

Swift the snowy meadow
Seems to bloom anew, —
Purple, gold, and crimson; —
Flowers of light and dew!
See, from thorn and willow
Wake the lyric throng;
From each bough of diamonds
Scattering gems and song!

Never dawn of summer —
  Never morn of spring —
From their laps of roses
  Could more beauty fling:
All the snowy landscape,
  All the bright blue air,
Seem as pure and perfect,
  As if Heaven were there.

SKETCH FROM LIFE.

Few faces are fairer — few features are sweeter —
Few hearts half so noble or kind as her own,
And happy the beings permitted to meet her,
And dwell in the light her affection hath thrown.
A day never rises, but still she devises
Some way to do good — to assist the forlorn —
The dark to enlighten — the dreary to brighten —
To scatter life's rose, but sequester its thorn.

Whate'er be the station — whatever the nation —
Her standard of excellence centres in worth;
Her noble impression is that the possession
Of talent outrivals the tinsel of earth.
She honours the mental far more than the *rental* —
Far more than the earthly she loves the divine;
And thinks that the gifted are loftier lifted
Than they who find fame but at Fashion's gilt shrine.

Thus gracing, adorning — life's beautiful morning —
Thus more and more honour'd the more she is known,
Affection hath found her with Friendship around her,
Enchanting all hearts and inspiring her own.
Thus loving, and seeing, the flowers of her being
Grow round her in beauty—her spirit is bless'd ;
And still her endeavour is eager as ever
To comfort the lowly and aid the distress'd.

PARTING WORDS.

Now close the chamber door, mother,
And kneel beside my bed,
And pray that ere the dawn, mother,
My spirit may be fled:
A pang is in my breast, mother—
A thorn you cannot find;
A wound within my heart, mother,
No human hand can bind!

Should some one call, perchance, mother,
When he shall hear I'm dead,
Oh! give him this one curl, mother—
And tell him what I've said!
For they're my last, last words, mother,
Till these poor eyes grow dim;
It may be I've been weak, mother,
But I've been true to him.

But all is over now, mother,
And we shall meet no more;
He'll never know this heart, mother,
Till all its love is o'er! —
You've clos'd the chamber door, mother?
You're kneeling by my bed? —
Now pray that ere the dawn, mother,
My spirit may be fled!

ENOUGH AND TO SPARE.

ENOUGH and to spare
Is an excellent thing;
'Tis a song—for my share—
I'd be happy to sing!
But my pathway is rough,
And my griefs not a few;
I get little enough,
And that little must do!

Enough and to spare!—
Oh! the joy there would be—
Oh! the freedom from care,
Were that boon but for me!
But my fortune's too gruff,
Such a bounty to strew;—
Less than little enough
Very often must do!

Enough and to spare!
What a number I'd bless;
No face should then wear
Any mark of distress:
If *their* pathway was rough,
Oh! I'd lighten it too;
But with little enough
We but little can do!

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OPEN HEARTED.

If you wish to be happy at home,
  Then your heart to that wish is the door—
Keep it open—and angels may come,
  And enter, and dwell evermore!
O'er each feeling a ray will be cast,
  As if lit by some magical gem;
You will think you've found Heaven at last,
  But the angels have brought it with them.

Keep it open—and friendship and love
  And happiness—all—will be thine:
A gleam of Elysium above!
  A spark of the spirit divine!
Keep it shut—and then Pride will have birth,
  And Envy—and all we condemn;
You will think you've perdition on earth,
  Pride and Envy have brought it with them.

The world will seem colder each day;
'Tis an image those demons but throw,
Cast your pride and your envy away—
And the world's seeming coldness will go.
Oh! 'tis well to be happy at home,
And to *this* your own heart is the door;
Keep it open and angels may come
And enter, and dwell evermore.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

I LOVE the lilies of the field
Whose grace adorns my way,
For they remind me of a form
More beautiful than they!
I love the wild rose, bending meek,
At summer evening's close; —
But there is yet a fonder cheek,
Where blooms a richer rose!

I love the hour when shadows sleep,
When twilight walks the dew,
But, oh! there is an eye more deep;
Yet soft as twilight's too:
I love to watch Night's starry brow,
Above the darkness shine,
'Tis heavenly sweet, as one I know,
Whose love makes life divine!

WHERE DWELLS THE FAIRY QUEEN?

Where dwells the Fairy Queen?
Where is her bower?
In the fold of the leaf —
In the cup of the flower:
Shake not the violet,
There may she rest;
Break not a dew-drop,
'Twill drown her sweet breast.

What seeks the Fairy Queen?
Ever to move
Girdled by beauty;
Encircled by love!
To whisper to childhood
When sorrow is nigh:
When the heart hath its tear —
And the lip hath its sigh!

Star of the fairy-land,
  Once came thy beam,
Bringing such visions
  As angels might dream!
Soon the world's shadows
  Their loveliness cross'd;
Man never findeth
  What Childhood hath lost!

AFFECTION UNREQUITED.

Oh! affection unrequited,
Bitter is your pang to bear;
When the heart's first love is slighted—
And the brow first knows a care:—
When experience comes to alter
What before appear'd so bright;
When belief begins to falter—
And the memory hath its night!

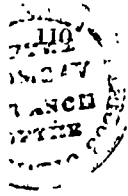
Still the warmest hearts are ever
First to feel the chill of earth;
Summer flowers, that early sever
From a world that spurns their worth:—
Friendships, that a word hath blighted;
Sorrows, that a word might spare;—
Oh! affection unrequited,
Bitter is your pang to bear!

PASSING THY DOOR.

Oh! 'twas the world to me,
Life too, and more;—
Catching a glance of thee
Passing thy door.
Faint as an autumn leaf
Trembling to part;
So, in that moment brief,
Trembled my heart!

Nothing I saw but thee,
Nothing could find;—
Vision had fled from me,
Lingering behind!
How I had pass'd along,
How found my way,
Sightless amidst the throng —
Love could but say!

How I had mov'd my feet
I never knew;
I had seen nothing, sweet,
Since I'd seen you!
Oh! 'twas the world to me,
Life too—and more—
Catching a glance of thee,
Passing thy door.



A RAINBOW.

A RAINBOW in the morning sky
Hung like a wreath of flowers;
Its glory caught each angel-eye
Amidst those heavenly bowers:
But still the lonely rainbow sigh'd,—
Its spirit found no rest;—
Ah! would I were a flower it cried,
To bloom on some kind breast!—

A thousand turn their gaze above,
But lo! this sea of air
Divides me far from human love,
And all that others share:—
The angels heard that song of grief,
Disturbing heaven's repose,
And spoke—and in a moment brief,
The rainbow bloom'd a rose!

A maiden soon espied the flower,
And cull'd it, in its pride;
'Twas worn upon her breast an hour—
And then 'twas cast aside!—
Oh! human love! oh! dream of bliss!
The dying flower did say,—
If life's affection be but this,
'Tis better to decay!

THOU WERT NOT THERE.

THOU wert not there—I knew full well
Ere yet mine eyes had glanc'd around,
My heart, more swift than sight, could tell
Its life, its love, was there not found!
So charmless grew the festive room,
And cheerless each familiar spot;
For, oh! the sunlight is but gloom—
Where thou art not!

Thou wert not there, the music seem'd
To wail thine absence to mine ear,
I mov'd along as one that dream'd;—
'Midst beauty, saw no beauty near!
And lonely from the brilliant room
I turn'd and mourn'd my hapless lot,
For oh! the brightest spot is gloom
Where thou art not!

THE FATHERLESS HOME.

Oh! a fatherless home hath got much to endure,
The mother toils hard—but her pittance is poor;
She sits by the bed where her little ones rest,
And she sews through the night with the tears on her breast:
Those features, once lovely, grow wasted and wild;
Oh! sad is the home of the fatherless child!

Through the thin, tatter'd curtains the dawn makes its way,
And she thinks of the bread that is left for the day;
She starts when how small seems the remnant to share—
Oh! for them it is hard—for herself she can bear:
Not a friend hath been near of the many that smil'd,
Oh! sad is the home of the fatherless child!

She builds for the future—she reads but that page
When her boys shall be men, and will help her old
age;
When her fears and privations at last will be o'er,
And for all she has suffer'd they'll love her the
more;
Oh! angel of bliss! make the widow's hope sure.
Oh! soften the lot of the fatherless poor.

CARES.

Cares, Cares, — who is without them?
Troubles are plenty wherever we stray —
Pass round the glass and think nothing about them,
The more you make of them the longer they stay.

Tears, Tears, — who has not met them?
Sorrow's the dew of life's morning and night;
Pass round the goblet and try to forget them,
Speak of the bloom, but ne'er mention the blight.

Life — life, — who would desire it?
Who for its pleasures would suffer its pains?
Pass round the glass, for our spirits require it;
Hide with life's roses the weight of life's chains.

THE ROSE THOU GAV'ST.

The rose thou gav'st at parting —
Hast thou forgot the hour?
The moon was on the river —
The dew upon the flower:
Thy voice was full of tenderness —
But, ah! thy voice misleads;
The rose is like thy promises —
Its thorn is like thy deeds.

The winter cometh bleakly —
And dark the time must be;
But I can deem it summer
To what thou'st prov'd to me!
The snow that meets the sunlight
Soon hastens from the scene;
But melting snow is lasting,
To what thy faith hath been!

LIFE.

Life's not our own — 'tis but a loan —
To be repaid;
Soon the dark Comer's at the door,
The debt is due — the dream is o'er —
Life's but a shade.

Thus all decline — that bloom or shine —
Both star and flower;
'Tis but a little odour shed —
A light gone out — a spirit fled —
A funeral hour!

Then let us show a tranquil brow
Whate'er befalls;
That we upon life's latest brink
May look on Death's dark face — and think
An angel calls!

THE CUP OF REGRET.

Is there a day we're not something forgetting,
Something avoiding we ought to have met? —
Is there a heart when the daylight is setting,
Can think of the past without any regret?
Visions of moments neglected or wasted
Visit the stream of existence in vain;
We drink of the cup we so often have tasted,
That cup we thought ne'er to have tasted again.

Time seems a dream, and its presence a fiction;
Not until gone do we reckon its cost,
Then to our hearts comes the bitter conviction
Of all we have wasted, and all we have lost:
Is there a day we're not something forgetting —
Something neglecting we ought to have met?
Is there a heart when the daylight is setting
Can look o'er the past without any regret?

WHEN YOUTH WAS OURS.

When youth was ours — with mirth and flowers —
Sweet voices wooed our stay,
But now we're old — and lone, and cold —
There's none to cheer our way:
When happy — all could strive to bless;
When rich — all could bestow;
'Tis hard to find we're lov'd the less,
The older that we grow:
Oh! hard to find we're lov'd the less,
The older that we grow!

When morn is past — and, setting fast,
The sun of life descends;
'Tis sad that years should bring us tears —
And leave us without friends!

When young — then all could warmth express;
Then all could kindness show;
'Tis hard to find we're lov'd the less,
The older that we grow:
Oh! hard to find we're lov'd the less,
The older that we grow!

WHEN OTHERS SPOKE.

When others spoke of Glory's call,
Of Honour unassoil'd and true,
I thought of thee—for thou wert all
Of glory, honour, truth, I knew!
When others deem'd my hope deceiv'd,
And bade me of thine arts beware,
I dar'd not breathe what they believ'd—
And *still* thou hadst my constant prayer.

When last they came our love to part,
Oh! harsh I deem'd their cold decree,
For I look'd only in my heart,
And it could see no fault in thee.
But, oh! that parting hour was blest,
Which stepp'd between my fate and thine,
For never fond and faithful breast
E'er worshipp'd at a falser shrine.

COME, TELL THOSE EYES.

Come, tell those eyes to hide their tears,
And show us brighter weather;
We may not have a many years,
Dear love, to live together!
And every hour is something worth
When hours are growing few;
Come, smile, there must be days on earth
Still sweet for me and you.

Life seems, you say, but half enjoy'd;
But Life is as we take it —
If some find care they can't avoid —
There's many more that *make* it:
Then, tell those eyes to hide their tears,
And show us brighter weather —
We may not have a many years,
Dear love, to live together!

TO THE WORLDLING.

If with grief a friend be shaken
If misfortune hover near,
If by ruin overtaken,
Solace not his heart — but sneer!
Say you always thought his spending
Would involve him, soon or late;
You expected such an ending —
Show no pity for his fate:
Taunt him with the Past — and jeer,
Wonder at his ways — and sneer!

True, perchance, ere Fortune's blindness
Wrong'd his warm and gen'rous breast,
You oft shar'd his deepest kindness,
Drank his bumpers, like the rest.

Quaff'd his health in empty speeches,
Made of tinsel words a show; —
Oh! the bitter moral reaches
Every honest heart below.
I could spurn thee, Ingrate, here —
With thy wisdom — and thy sneer!

TWO LOVERS.

Two lovers had I when a maiden,
One dark as a gipsy and tall,
The other much slighter and fairer —
Which some might the handsomer call:
The last one, whene'er he departed,
Ne'er turn'd when he wish'd me good-bye;
The other look'd back when he left me —
And sweet was the glance of his eye.

Raven-black were the curls on his forehead,
And proud was his bearing, yet gay;
Oh! the light that made heaven seem darkness,
Was the light he bore with him away;
Two hearts and two faces as varied,
Perchance as a maiden might see;
But the heart that look'd back when it left me,
Is the heart that seems fondest to me.

A PORTRAIT.

Her smiles are like those flowers that die,
When in a daily room confin'd;
She's one that for the air doth sigh,
And loves to leave her home behind:
She curtseys low to gaudy pelf,
A fortune's what she's looking hard for,
It is the next thing to herself
She has the highest — best regard for!

Her words are many — but their worth
Is little — she but speaks for show;
And she's the tenderest heart on earth
For all things touching self below! —
A constant effort to assume
A tone, and style, that makes you weary;
A flower that must have sun to bloom —
And pines at home — for home's so dreary

A CONTRAST.

As quiet as a star at eve,
  With little to attract about her;
Yet she's the one all hearts receive —
  And home is scarcely home without her.

To every living creature kind,
  Her patient sympathy revealing;
But she leaves those she loves to find
  Her hidden worth — her deeper feeling.

So unassuming day by day,
  So calm — retiring — still we found her;
We knew not till she pass'd away,
  How much she fill'd the circle round her.

The last to own or feel annoy —
The first to pleasure those about her ;
Her presence brought a nameless joy,
And home's no longer home without her !

THE WINTER OF LIFE.

THE silent boughs are sear, love,
Their leaves sweep o'er the plain;
But there's a spring time near, love,
And they shall bloom again:
The wintry years come on, love,
Our gladsome youth is o'er;
And there are friends now gone, love,
That we shall meet no more.

The wintry birds sit dumb, love,
Beneath the snowy thorn,
But there's a time to come, love,
When songs and flowers are born.
We've reach'd that wintry hour, love,
No sun can e'er restore;
And fled is many a flower, love,
Our hearts shall find no more.

We've toil'd through ill and good, love,
Through years of sorrow's track;
And even if we could, love,
We scarce *would* wish them back!
So let them take their flight, love,
For all that live must die;
And 'tis but in *the night*, love,
We see God's stars on high!

Then let our spirits wing, love,
Beyond the clouds of earth,
Where flowers immortal spring, love,
And angel songs have birth!
Where parted friends shall meet, love,
And heart with heart adore;
Where every thought is sweet, love,
And every sorrow o'er!

NOT ABSENT.

In vain thou turn'st and look'st to find me,
And yet, dear girl, I am not gone,
For I have left my heart behind me,
My thoughts—and feelings—every one:
Not absent,—though afar I move,—
The best of me remains thine own,
There is a second life in love,
And that *best* life to thee hath flown.

Then, oh! no more let care oppress thee,
Or in thy care some comfort see,
The future spreads its arms to bless thee,
When we no more shall parted be!
Then say not thou art all bereft,
But look to Heaven and solace find;
Can he be absent who has left
His heart, his life, his soul, behind?

OH! EARLY CAME.

Oh! early came the Morn's own light
To wake me from my dreaming,
And ever 'twas a beauteous sight
To mark its fair face beaming:
The birds — the flowers — the dewy hours —
The world of bloom and sweetness ;—
Oh! why hath life so few bright flowers,
And why those few such fleetness ?

Methought that life came from above,
And loving angels brought it;
Why, why is life so fain to prove
'Tis other than we thought it?
Now I the light of morn deplore,
That woke me from my dreaming,
Wish I had slept for evermore,
Nor seen its false face beaming!

THE SAILOR.

When Tom left the Village so lov'd was his name,
So manly his form, and so honest his fame,
So worthy his heart, that though longing to roam,
'Till his poor mother died he stuck true to his home;
While *she* needed *him*, no temptation could move
His hand from his duty—his heart from her love—
Though he long'd for the life of a Sailor.

But when the last sun-ray had set o'er her grave,
Tom left the old village to sail the broad wave;
His purse was but light, for as long as a friend
Ask'd assistance from Tom, it was his to the end:
And a nobler, a better, a braver than he
Never sail'd on the breast of the billowy sea,
Nor follow'd the life of a Sailor.

But time hasten'd on, and four years slipp'd away,
When late in the spring, just at close of the day,

Our Sailor came home, but we saw with a sigh
That poor Tom had return'd to the village to die;
Still he spoke with a smile of the perils he'd pass'd,
And his heart's dying beat was still brave to the last,
And we buried, with tears, our poor Sailor.

But again — ere a month past — that grave was unclos'd,
And the Rose of the Village within it repos'd;
Since the hour Tom return'd, she had alter'd each day,
As he faded — *she* wither'd — and sorrow'd away;
And her last breath implor'd, as it flutter'd and died,
That in peace she might rest, like a bride, by his side,
And her heart be in death with her Sailor.

* A MOTHER'S LOVE.

THERE'S beauty in the breath of morn,
When earth is bright with dew and light,
When summer buds and flowers are born —
And clouds seem angels on their flight!
There's joy which innocence imparts,
A sweetness every breast may prove;
But what's so sweet to human hearts,
So precious as a Mother's love?

The sun to light the east may fail,
The morn forsake her fields of dew,
The silvery clouds forget to sail
Along their sea of heavenly blue;
And all that's bright may pass away —
Our hopes recall, our friends remove,
Yet, constant, 'midst a world's decay,
Still sweet would be a Mother's love.

YOU'VE FORGOT.

You've forgot the cottage door
Where the silver hawthorn grew,
Where the wood-larks built of yore,
Singing all the glad day through:
You've forgot the forest stream,
Where we two so often met;
Watching night's descending beam
Over clouds of roses set!
Love and Memory ever take
Life upon the self-same stem;
They who Love's sweet flower forsake,
Memory soon forsaketh them!

You've forgot the rustic gate,
And the honey-suckle near,
Where, at eve, you us'd to wait
For the one *you said* was dear!

Where you vow'd by all above,
  Ere *you* chang'd, the stars should fall!
You've forgot your maiden love —
  Yet the stars still shine o'er all!
Love and Memory ever take
  Life upon the self-same stem;
They who Love's sweet flower forsake,
  Memory soon forsaketh them!

THE REPENTANT.

They led me slowly to the room
Where, in her virgin shroud,
Pale as a flow'ret, whose sweet bloom,
The first rude storm hath bow'd,
My lov'd, my lost, my Helen, slept:
Oh! hard is love's brief lot; —
I gaz'd upon her face — and wept,
But, oh! *she* saw me not!

I thought of many a past offence,
Of many a vain delay,
Of coldness and indifference
I'd shown her, day by day;
And I look'd on that faded flower
Within that shrouded spot,
And deep remorse was in that hour —
But, oh! *she* knew it not!

I thought how oft her breast was wrung,
When mine was calm and chill;
And now my own was sear'd and stung —
And her poor heart *was still!*
Oh! would, I cried, the Past could live,
That I might change thy lot;—
Would I might kneel, and say "*forgive,*"
But, oh! *she* heard me not!

YESTERDAY.

YESTERDAY! how sad a fleetness
Dwells unheeded in that word; —
'Tis a music, in whose sweetness
Hope is lost, as soon as heard;
'Tis a spirit link'd to sadness, —
Link'd to dreams we ne'er renew;
In the midst of life and gladness
'Doth it whisper life's adieu!
All we love is ever tending
Onward to that shadowy way —
Ever blending — ever ending —
With the things of yesterday!

Thus, at last, the Minstrel lieth,
Mantled in his robe of fame:
Swift his parting spirit flieth —
And his life is but a name!

For a little while the lightness
  Of his fancy yet is found,
For a little time the brightness
  Of his passing gilds the ground:
Soon, alas! the earthly setting
  Of his being fades away,
All forgotten — all forgetting —
  With the things of yesterday!

LOVE'S TRIALS.

I CANNOT mind my wheel, mother,
I cannot mind my wheel;
You know not what my heart must know —
You feel not what I feel:
My thread is idly cast, mother,
My thought is o'er the sea;
My hopes are falling fast, mother,
Yet feel you not for me!

I had a dreadful dream, mother,
'Twas of a ship at sea;
I saw a form amidst the storm —
I heard him call on me.
I heard him call on me, mother,
As plain as now I speak;
I thought my brain would burst, mother,
I thought my heart would break.

For *me* he perils life, mother,
The weary ocean wide;
And yet a word from you, mother,
Had kept him by my side:
My wheel had gaily sped, mother,
My thoughts at home smil'd free;
But now my smiles have fled, mother,
My heart is o'er the sea!

THEY SAY I HAVE NO CAUSE FOR GRIEF.

They say I have no cause for grief,
'Tis weakness to express
The feelings which would find relief
If I would nurse them less: —
But Friendship takes a different tone,
And different feeling shows,
When it hath sorrows of its own
To suffer or disclose.

The lightest pains on earth to bear,
The easiest yet to heal,
Are those which other tongues declare —
Which other hearts must feel:
'Tis wonderful how small appear
The griefs at distance shown;
They widen as they draw more *near;*
Grow *great* when they're our own.

FROM THE ORIEL WINDOW.

From the oriel window
Of the gothic tower,
Lists a beauteous maiden,
Through the wintry hour;
List'ning — ever list'ning —
For a step below:
Softly in the moonlight
Falls the silvery snow,
With a floating whisper,
Musical and low,
Softly in the moonlight
Falls the silvery snow!

Never more, sweet maiden,
Never more, for thee,
Shall the form thou lovest,
'Neath thy casement be:

Lowly lies thy true knight
On the battle plain,
Shrouded by the moonlight,
Ne'er to rise again!
With a wailing whisper
O'er his cold, cold brow,
Mournful in the moonlight
Falls the silvery snow!



ONE HOPE.

'Twas a hope I had hidden,
That none yet had seen;
I had nurs'd it in silence,
And kept its leaves green:
My comfort in sorrow,
My solace 'mid care;
Life's cup seem'd less bitter
Whilst *that* hope was there!

Oh! ye that are needing
One hope above all;
A hope, that succeeding,
Would Eden recall—
Can feel for his sorrow
Who views it depart,
And finds on the morrow
A desolate heart!

NEVER MIND.

We've sported through many a day,
With friends that seem'd constant and fair;
But the moment the sun pass'd away,
We found what mere shadows they were:
As long as the gold lay unfray'd,
Their coin all detection defied;
But how seldom the gilding hath stay'd,
When misfortune its value hath tried!
Never mind — it's no use to be vex'd,
We'll be wiser in choosing the next.

We've travell'd life's desolate coast,
Whilst sorrow on sorrow increas'd;
Denied — where expecting the most;
And help'd where our claims were the least:

Oh! often we've cried, would that men,
Deceiv'd by impressions, could know
That though gilded again and again,
Nought can alter the baseness below!
Never mind — it's no use to be vex'd;
We'll be wiser in choosing the next!

FIVE IN THE MORNING.

THE Moon, pale and weary, seems glad to be
setting,
As if all the music and dancing forgetting;
The flow'rs too are faded the banquet adorning —
I vow, dearest Pleasure, 'tis five in the morning!
Why canst thou not fetter swift Time with thy
roses?
Is there never an hour when the tyrant reposes?
Go catch him, and bind him,
Tie old age behind him,
There'll never be freedom until his reign closes.

'Mid odours and chaplets, 'mid garlands and beauty,
Sure Time might forget for a moment his duty;
Nor steal on our pleasures so silent and creepy, —
'Tis really provoking when Beauty grows sleepy,

When the eyes that with spirit and sweetness were
glancing,
Are drooping like flow'rs on which Autumn's ad-
vancing:
Go catch him, and bind him,
Tie old age behind him;
And Pleasure reign ever, 'mid music and dancing.

THERE'S A CHARM.

THERE'S a charm too often wanted,
There's a power not understood; —
Seeds spring upward as they're planted,
Or for evil, or for good!
We forget that charm beguiling —
Which the voice of sorrow drowns —
Smiles can oft elicit smiling!
Frowning can engender frowns!

There's a temper quick in sowing
Care, and grief, and discontent;
Ever first and last in shewing
More in words than language meant:
Ever restless in its nature
Until sorrows set their seal
On each pale and fretful feature,
And the hidden depths reveal,

If a smile engender smiling,
  If a frown produce a frown,
If our lip — the truth defiling —
  Can the rose of life cast down :
Let us learn, ere grief hath bound us,
  Useless anger to forego:
And bring smiles, like flowers, around us,
  From which other smiles may grow.

I CANNOT PRETEND TO SAY.

I CANNOT pretend to say, I'm sure,
I cannot pretend to say;
For absence and silence are hard to endure,
And love may grow colder each day:
There's many a bud that ne'er comes to a flower,
And many a sweet must decay;
But for loving thee, *ever*, as I do this hour —
I cannot pretend to say —
I'm sure —
I cannot pretend to say.

There's no knowing what may transpire in a year;
And thou wilt be *three* years away!
And the wealth of thy love may be scatter'd, I fear,
As the bloom we saw falling to-day!

There's many a flower brings no fruit to the bough,
And many a heart mourns delay, —
So, for loving thee, *ever*, as I love thee now,
I cannot pretend to say —
I'm sure —
I cannot pretend to say.

CHILDHOOD'S HEART.

CHILDHOOD'S heart its grief displayeth,
Like a shade at morning cast,
Every moment it decayeth;
In an hour, or two, 'tis past!
But the grief of Age still lieth
Like the shade of closing day —
Length'ning — deep'ning — till it dieth
In the grave of night away!

Youthful friendship quickly bloometh,
Quickly fades, and blooms again; —
But the friends which Age entombeth,
Age shall seek, and mourn in vain.
Firmly Manhood's foot is planted,
Full of independent glow; —
Age soon finds his room is wanted:
Blest are they who soonest go!

TEARS OF GLADNESS.

They tell me he is sure to come,
The lov'd, that more than life I prize;
They tell me he is near his home —
And aching gladness blinds mine eyes:
My heart is full of joy and prayer,
Of earth and heaven — I could embrace,
And kiss with love the very air: —
Oh! shall I ever see his face?

'Twas but a word that sent him hence,
A word too coldly, proudly, said;
And I have suffer'd pain intense —
And often wish'd my heart were dead:
But all my prayers have not been vain, —
He comes, and safely, to the shore!
Oh! shall I hear that voice again —
That voice I thought to hear no more!

HATH THE WORLD.

Hath the world so much perfection?
Find ye friends as soon as sought?
That ye cast away affection
As it were a thing of nought?
Is the world so full of kindness,
Hath it so much love to spare,
That ye still, with more than blindness,
Lose your friends without a care?

Wiser in one faith abiding,
Trusting still, whate'er befall,
Better to be too confiding,
Than confide in none at all!
Better that the heart should sorrow
Over friendship to the end,
Than that we should live a morrow,
E'en an hour, without a friend!

'TIS BETTER THAT LIFE SHOULD BE MERRY.

Old Time takes a glass to *remind* him of hours,
And we take a glass to forget them;
'Tis better by far to enjoy Pleasure's flowers —
Than, after they're gone, to regret them:
Old Time may despise, with a feeling sublime,
Our bumpers of claret or sherry!
But we, with all proper submission to Time,
Think it better that life should be merry;
Be merry!
Think it better that life should be merry.

Old Time takes a scythe, us poor mortals to chase,
And cuts all his friends without measure;
We'd ne'er take a scythe, were we but in *his* place,
Unless the glad harvest was pleasure!

Old Time may take pride over ages to climb,
Bringing hosts for old Charon to ferry;
But we, with all proper submission to Time,
Think it better that life should be merry;
Be merry!
Think it better that life should be merry.

A MOMENT.

'Tis the breath of a moment — which no one regardeth —
That holdeth the key to each secret of life;
'Tis '*a moment*' that oft our long watching rewardeth,
And calms the dark waters of sorrow and strife:
Its breath may seem nothing, — and yet 'tis extending
A power the sublimest our being can know,
A moment may yield us a bliss without ending —
A moment consign us to darkness and woe!

Its circle may flash with a beauty that ages
May crown as immortal, and hallow its birth;
A moment may question the wisdom of sages,
And change the whole system and science of earth.

A moment — the soul of the painter can feel it —
It thrills thro' his frame with a spirit like fire;
A moment — oh! once let the *gifted* reveal it,
And heaven is short of the height 'twould aspire.

Go, ask of the hero when victory soundeth
What glory a moment of time may command;
Ask the home-seeking sailor, while fast his heart boundeth,
How sweet is the moment he views his own land:
Ask the lover, when whisper to whisper replieth
In accents that tremble lest lips be o'erheard;
And oh! they will tell you each moment that dieth
Hath crowded eternity oft in a word!

LUTE AND TAMBOURINE.

Dancing on the village green
To the lute and tambourine,
Whilst, above, the starry crowds
From their citadel of clouds
Gaze upon the merry scene,
Dancers, lute, and tambourine.

Oh! what spirit of the air
Springs so light, or gay, or fair,
As the heart of youth and maid
Tripping through the moonlight glade?
Oh! to be as I have been,
Dancing to the tambourine!

Rank, thou hast not aught so bright —
Wealth, thy feet are not so light.

Fame — oh! Fame, doth life forego
For a life it ne'er shall know:
Would that they could all be seen
Dancing to the tambourine.

I would have all Nature glad,
Nothing silent — nothing sad;
I would have the world to be
Children of one family:
Every village have its green,
Dancers, lute, and tambourine.

THOU LOV'ST ME NOT.

Thou lov'st me not — I should have known
The star of heaven might yield its light,
And I no more approach its throne
Than thee, sweet star of my fond sight!
Yet once — ah! once — thy words believ'd,
Made *slight* the difference 'twixt our lot,
But, now, oh! hope — oh! heart — deceiv'd!
Thou lov'st me not!

Thou lov'st me not — yet was it worth
The thousand smiles thou gav'st so sweet,
To warm love's first fond flower to birth,
Then cast it dying at thy feet?
Yet, dying, shall it thine remain,
Till life, bloom, fragrance, be forgot;
And thou shalt mourn — when tears are vain —
Thou lov'd'st me not.

THE OLD TREE.

Thou hast many friends, old Tree,
Friends that oft with garlands wreathe thee,
Many that come miles to see,
And take their simple meal beneath thee:
I am old — but none to me
Come with friends, when I am dreary; —
They prefer the old gray tree
To the old man, worn and weary!

Age in thee is deem'd a grace,
Songs in praise of thee are endless;
Woe, that in the human race
Age should be unlov'd and friendless.
Smiles are things of other days —
Things that shun the lonely-hearted:
Friends — alas! in vain I gaze —
All that lov'd me have departed.

WHAT'S THE USE OF EXISTENCE.

WHAT's the use of existence unless we enjoy it?
Though the sunlight of gladness but beam for a few,
Because it's so rare must we therefore destroy it—
And refuse an hour's pleasure because it's not *two!*
What's the use of a heart if it hold not affection?
What's fortune,—unless to distribute relief?
What's the use of a mind? surely not for dejection;
'Tis a power that should spring still immortal o'er grief.

What's the use of regretting that life is no longer?
That age comes too soon—or that youth goes too fast?
If we fret for a week it will make us no younger,
The pleasures of earth are not pleasures to last!

What's the use of existence unless we enjoy it?
Though the sunlight of gladness but beam for a few,
Because it's so rare must we therefore destroy it,
And refuse an hour's pleasure because it's not *two*?

TO THE SEA NYMPH.

WHERE thy gold-grotto stands
By the rose-flowing fountain,
Where the sea-nymphs link hands,
Near the wild coral mountain:
Under foam, under curl,
Where the billow rolls widest;
Under shell, under pearl,
From the cave where thou hidest;
Oh! come to me, come!
I am loveless and lonely;
My life hath no home,
Save in thy bosom only!

When the tide murmurs sweet,
While the mermaids are dancing,
When the sand 'neath their feet,
Like a silver floor's glancing;

Under moss, under spray,
  Where the billow rolls clearest,
Away, come away,
  Ever lov'd, ever dearest!
Oh! come to me, come!
  I am weary and lonely;
My life hath no home,
  Save in thy bosom only!

THE SEA NYMPH'S REPLY.

FAR from this world of clay,
Far from its toil away,
  Come, to the sea-nymph, come!
Under the golden sea,
There let us frolic free,
There let us sport and sing,
Down by the coral spring,
    Merrily — merrily —
Flinging the silver shells,
Ringing the crystal bells,
    Merrily — merrily.

Far from earth's weeping bowers,
Come to this home of ours,
    Come, to the sea-nymph, come!
Music shall soothe thy rest,
Swelling from ocean's breast,

Sweeter than e'er was heard
From lip or singing bird,
Heavenly — heavenly!
Dying in waves away,
Soft, as when angels pray,
Heavenly — heavenly.

TO HIM WHO FOR SIX DAYS.

To him who for six days a week
Can rarely call an hour his own,
How sweet to watch the Sabbath break,
And bless the light that Heaven hath thrown.
Oh! welcome, more than tongue can name,
The dearest morn that greets our soil,
Is that the Sabbath bells proclaim,
Which shuts the busy world of toil.

From morn to eve — from morn to eve —
Still wakening but for work alone;
Oh! heaven, it is a blest reprieve
To have one day to call our own:
One day to breathe a wider span
Unfetter'd by the bonds of trade,
To leave the plodding world of man,
And view the world which God hath made.

THE SEXTON.

THE spade shook in his trembling hand,
His hair was white with years;
And deep within the burial sand,
Fast fell the Sexton's tears:
Why weep'st thou — man of many graves —
Why sink'st thou thus with care;
Earth loses, but still Heaven saves,
There is a world elsewhere.

This morning when I rose, he said,
And saw the church-yard drear;
And thought of him, my son, that dead
Lay in his chamber near;
Methought I'd ask some other hand
To make his grave for me;
It scarcely seem'd that I could stand —
Or I the earth could see!

But *he*, I knew, if I had died,
No duty would discard;
And so I pray'd for strength, and tried —
But it was hard — 'twas hard!
You've bade my heart some hope attain,
Some little comfort share,
My loss — I know — is Heaven's gain!
There is a world elsewhere.

MARY.

She was not always sad and pale,
Nor mute with thought, nor thin with care;
Though weeping be of slight avail,
An aching heart is ill to bear.

She was not always poor and lone,
Nor friendless 'mid a world so fair;
But friends grow few when fortune's flown,
And love forgot, is hard to bear.

And thus her youth must pass away,
Without the rose that youth should wear,
Thus struggle hopeless day by day: —
Oh! sad is life — and hard to bear!

LONELINESS.

Oh! what shall I do till my William come home?
The time is so dreary, the house is so lone,
There is no one to meet me—there's no one to speak—
And I look at his chair with the tears on my cheek;
He's away with his messmates to sail the salt foam:
Oh! what shall I do till my William come home?

We know not, until we are parted, how dear
Is the face we meet daily—the friend ever near;
The heart, though it prizes, thinks less of its prize;
We value not fortune—till fortune denies!
Oh, would he were with me, no longer to roam—
What—what shall I do till my William come home?

'Tis weak to complain when we cannot recall—
And though ocean is wide, there is God over all!

So I count the long day, and exclaim when 'tis o'er,
There is one less to think of — there's one hope the more;
And tho' stormy the path o'er the desolate foam,
My prayers may yet bring him safe back to his home.

FAME.

Some, with no place while they're living,
Take a proud place when life ends;
Some with no friend—kind and giving—
When they die have worlds of friends:
Oh! the longing—oh! the seeking—
For that love which never came;
Oh! the weary heart, heart breaking
For that mocking wreath of fame!

I could weep for those I knew not,
Saw not, ne'er on earth shall see;
I could blush for those that threw not
Some balm o'er their misery;
They whose genius, like a glory,
Scatter'd light where'er it came:
Woe, alas, the poet's story!
Woe the heart betray'd to fame!

THOUGH YE LIVE WITH SOME FOR YEARS.

Though ye live with some for years,
Rarely from their presence part—
Though you share their smiles and tears,
Yet you'll never share their heart!
While, with others, but an hour
Serves the warmer soul to show;
And their feelings spring to flower,
Sweet as opening roses blow!

Little may the difference seem
Unto those whose natures keep
Ever in a selfish dream;—
But the craving heart must weep!
Longing to be understood,
Seeking to be known, in vain:
Many, whom the world calls good,
Keep the heart in constant pain!

'TWAS ON A SUNDAY MORNING.

'Twas on a Sunday morning,
Before the bells did peal,
A note came through my window
With "Cupid" on its seal;
And soon I heard a whisper,
As soft as seraphs sing:—
'Twas on a Sunday morning,
Before the bells did ring.

The dawn had been but cloudy,
My heart had caught its gloom;
But now a sudden sunlight
Fill'd all my little room:
I kiss'd the note,—'twas guarded
With riband, flower, and string:—
'Twas on a Sunday morning,
Before the bells did ring.

Oh! good was he, and handsome
As any in the land,
That vow'd to me his true heart —
His heart, and faithful hand!
I hurried through the garden,
And back the gate did swing: —
'Twas on a Sunday morning,
Before the bells did ring.

My foot just turn'd the field-path,
And on its turf did rest,
When in his arms he caught me,
And strain'd me to his breast:
A tear was on his fond cheek,
Sweet tears that love can bring: —
'Twas on a Sunday morning,
Before the bells did ring.

WHAT NEED OF WORDS.

WHAT need of words when lovers meet?
What need of sighs and glances sweet?
As long as faithful hearts can beat,
So long—so well—I'll love thee.
Though other eyes may glance around,
The chord by which the heart is bound
No prying eye as yet hath found—
None know how much I love thee.

Why should I speak, or thou reply?
I ask not words when thou art nigh;
Oh! more than life, or earth, or sky,
I dearly, dearly love thee!
Thou need'st not speak—my heart appears,
As *it* had eyes, and tongue, and ears;
And, like the music of the spheres,
I hear it say—"*thou lov'st me!*"

THE HUNTING MORN.

Up! up! it is the hunting morn,
The woodland rings with mirth,
The flowers in dew and light are born,
And merry wakes the earth!
The deer are trooping down the glen
To drink the waters clear.
Up! up! again, my greenwood men!
To-day we hunt the deer.

The stag leaps by—away we fly—
No coward rein hangs back;
The baying hounds in chorus high
Close follow on the track;
Whilst Echo, hid from human ken,
Awakes each hollow near—
With "up again, my greenwood men!
To-day we hunt the deer."

The Tar may boast his wingéd ship,
That sports 'mid wave and breeze;
My flag and ship are horse and whip,
And spreading plains my seas!
Can Tars say when; from Ocean's den,
Such jovial strains they hear,
As — "up again, my greenwood men!
To-day we hunt the deer."

THE MOON HATH FILLED HER HORN.

The Moon hath filled her horn to-night,
And, by her beauty, so will we;
And, if we fill not ours so bright,
We'll empty it as fast, you'll see.
They say she looks but pale aloft,
That clouds around her reel and swim:
Perchance she's filled her horn too oft,
And that makes Man — and Moon — look dim.

What though she charm a noble throng
Of clouds and stars around her throne;
Have we not, in our sons of song,
Bright stars, immortal as her own?
Then fill the horn, the cup, the glass,
Whate'er may now before us shine:
Here's "Life," — and may its moments pass
In mirth and moonlight — friends and wine!

BRAVE HEARTS.

Brave hearts bend not so soon to care —
Firm minds uplift the load of fate;
They bear what others shrink to bear,
And boldly any doom await!
They rise above what would oppress
A weaker spirit to the ground;
And, though they feel no jot the less,
Their sorrows scorn to breathe a sound.

Oh! heroes have we still on earth,
Worth all the boasted blood of Rome;
And heroines, whose suffering worth
Lends grace to many a humble home.
Great hearts *endurance* cannot bend;
Nor daily care, nor trial, tame;
But these nor ask, nor gain, a friend —
Nor seek, nor ever find, a name!

THE ANGEL OF THE STORM.

THE Angel rose — and from her wing
Shook tempest o'er the heaving tide :
I mark'd the sea convulsive fling
Its stormy billows wild and wide ;
Complaining all the weary day,
Till came the stars, with peace and rest ;
Then calmness, like a blessing, lay,
With heaven's own image, on its breast !

Oh ! thus, amidst the clouds of care,
When tempests o'er our pathway roll —
When doubts and fears, like billows, tear
And 'whelm the sad and sinking soul —
As sets the sun of life, may light,
Calm in the faith of ages, shine !
And may our spirit, in thy sight,
Reflect, O God, thy grace divine !

THE UNATTAINABLE.

Oh! the stars which glow not
  Save in fancy's heaven!
Oh! the flowers which grow not—
  But in *dream-land* given!
Oh! the bliss untasted
  In this world of sorrow—
Years in visions wasted!
  Hopes which have no morrow!

Though the spell be broken,
  Yet the spirit straineth;
Something still unspoken
  In the heart remaineth:
Glimpses from above,
  Impulses ye know not,
In our inner love
  Hide themselves, and show not.

Oh! the overflowing
Visions, and their sweetness,
Coming thus, and going
With unheeded fleetness!
Oh! the unrecorded
Music, that is songless;
Sympathies unworded!
Feelings that are tongueless!

OH! SOME WILL REMEMBER.

Oh! some will remember thy beauty, and speak
Of thy delicate brow, and the rose of thy cheek;
But I shall remember — though these should depart —
The depth of thy feeling, and kindness of heart!

And some will recall thee when music and song
Gave joy to the moments, and charm'd the gay throng;
But I shall remember, when these are at rest,
The sweetness — far dearer — that sprang from thy breast.

And some recollections may turn to the hour
When thy hand was the first with its gift, or its flower;
But I shall remember, when flowers lose their breath,
The gift of thy friendship — and prize it till death!

THE WAYS OF HEAVEN.

SECRET are the ways of Heaven,
  Yet to some great aim they tend;
Often some affliction given,
  Proves a blessing in the end:
Let no vain, impatient gesture
  Question the diviner will,
But in Faith's immortal vesture
  Wait thy mission — and be still!

That which is the deepest sorrow
  Often proves the inmost good;
They who build upon to-morrow
  Build on ground not understood:
Lose not then thy trust in Heaven,
  Take its counsels like a friend;
Often some affliction given
  Proves *affection* — in the end!

LOVE THEE?

Love thee? thou art my joy, my song,
My music through the day;
Thou never leav'st my lips for long
Whate'er I do, or say!
In every stream I hear thee, love,
In every fountain fall;
The scenes around, the stars above,
Thou liv'st, and mov'st, in all!

To all thou hast a brightness given
That meets me on my way;
The light of morn seems light of heaven,
And not the light of day!
The earth from *thee* its beauty caught,
As all who gaze may see;
Love thee? all Nature, as it ought,
Loves thee, my own, loves thee!

ABSENT FRIENDS.

WHY the sands of old Time seem all golden to-day,
There is joy in the glass which good feeling commends,
And the heart seems inspir'd with some holier ray,
As we quaff the red wine to our dear absent Friends.

Oh! a pleasure *when shar'd* is more truly enjoy'd,
And there is not a pleasure which Providence sends,
So sweet as when moments like these are employ'd,
In pledging the goblet to all absent Friends.

May good fortune go with them wherever they tread,
May He bless them, on whom every blessing depends,
With a cup to the brim, oh! what more may be said,
Than a health and success unto all absent Friends.

IF THOU COULD'ST TEACH.

If thou *could'st* teach me to forget,
An art so dull I would not learn,
No, there's a charm in memory yet,
Which colder natures ne'er discern:
Though dark my onward path appears,
That inner charm each step beguiles,
And sweeter Memory's face in tears,
Than cold forgetfulness in smiles.

I sit and list the voices gone,
The music of affection lost,
And would not shun, nor part with one
Of all the tears, those voices cost:
I sit and think of other years,
And wander Time's neglected aisles;
And sweeter Memory's face in tears
Than cold forgetfulness in smiles.

"WHERE PARTING IS NO MORE."

PARTING never more?
Tell me, ye in Heaven,
Is perpetual rest
To your nature given?
Is your holy mission
Still eternal love?
Then there's work for angels
In that world above!

When the soul hath parted,
Freer yet to soar
'Midst the angel-hearted,
Shall it strive no more?
Is it not extending
Love's celestial aim?
High, as it's ascending,
Higher is God's claim.

In the bowers of Eden
  There is "Parting" still;
Missions of sweet mercy,
  Heralds of His will:
Partings—yes, and Meetings;—
  And, though blessings flow,
There is work for angels—
  As the angels know!



THE NIGHT HATH GONE.

THE night hath gone at last, mother,
The long, long night of pain;
But life is ebbing fast, mother,
And all your care is vain:
Methought I heard *his* footstep
Beyond the gate below;
Slow pacing through the midnight—
And stepping to and fro.

I see 'tis not believ'd, mother,
My words no faith impart;
My ear might be deceiv'd, mother,
But not my heart—my heart!
And hark, 'tis there again, mother—
Again, and yet more nigh;
Oh! let me see his face, mother,
Once more before I die.

He opens not the door, mother,
The latch it is not there;—
Go, call him to step softly,
He's waiting on the stair:—
He's waiting—weeping—hark! mother,
What is it he doth say?
She gaz'd—and thus, in gazing . . .
Her sweet life pass'd away!

IF THIS WORLD WE INHABIT.

If this world we inhabit — this waking and sleeping,
Were really life's sum, its beginning and end,
Existence itself would be scarcely worth keeping,
And *all* little worth that to nothing must tend.
But God's living scripture lies star-writ before us;
There's comfort 'mid sorrow — as many may find:
While the wing of Eternity's hovering o'er us —
Let's bear with misfortune — and still never mind!

If life were absorb'd in receiving and paying,
In getting and spending — and thus to the close;
If Faith never came its bright future displaying, —
One could weep life away, and be glad to repose.

But the spirit of Faith, like an angel ascending,
The shadow of years, like a dream, leaves behind;
Life's troubles, and trials, and tears, have an ending,
'Tis but for a time — never mind — never mind!

THE FAIRY OF THE MOONBEAM.

THE fairy of the Moon-beam,
No cloud her pleasure mars;
She dwells within a palace
All roof'd with silver stars:
Around her are the mystic gates
That lead to Eden's flowers:
The fairy of the Moon-beam,
Oh! would her world were ours!

When earth in slumber dreameth,
She dances o'er the tide;
O'er foam and ripple beameth
In beauty like a bride:
She glideth through the valleys,
She sleepeth 'mid the bowers,
Her life's a life of gladness,
Oh! would such life were ours!

A portion thus of beauty,
  A presence and a grace
Which makes delight a duty
  And gladdens Nature's face!
A charm to chase the darkness,
  To change the cloud that lowers:
The fairy of the Moon-beam,
  Oh! would her gift were ours!

THE VOICE OF THE MORNING.

THE voice of the morning is calling to childhood,
From streamlet, and valley, and mountain it calls,
And Mary, the loveliest nymph of the wild wood,
Is crossing the brook where the mill water falls.
Oh! lovely is Mary, her face like a vision
Once seen leaves a charm that will ever endure;
From her glance and her smile there beams something elysian:
She has but one failing — sweet Mary is poor.

Her bosom is white as the hawthorn, and sweeter,
Her form light and lovesome, as maiden's should be;
Her foot like a fairy's — yet softer and fleeter —
Oh! Mary, the morn hath no lily like thee.
But narrow and low hangs the roof of her dwelling,
Her home it is humble, her birth is obscure;
And though in all beauty and sweetness excelling,
She wanders neglected — for Mary is poor.

Yet, oh! to her heart mother Nature hath given
The kindest affections that mortal can know;
She loves every star that sheds radiance in heaven,
She worships the flow'rs as God's image below.
Ah! sad 'tis to think that a being resembling
The fairest in beauty, such lot should endure,
But the dews that like tears on the lilies are trembling,
Are types but of Mary — for Mary is poor.

EACH MAY SPEAK OF THE WORLD.

EACH may speak of the world as he finds it,
I've nothing as yet to deplore;
I've vexation enough, but who minds it? —
Too many on earth have had more!
I've friends that from boyhood have cheer'd me
Whenever from happiness hurl'd;
True hearts that to life have endear'd me —
Then what should I say 'gainst the world?

Each may speak of the world as he sees it,
To all it can ne'er be the same;
I've tried pretty often to please it,
And if it's not pleas'd — who's to blame?
Though my bark of existence hath often
From fortune's high channel been hurl'd,
Thank God, there was *one* left to soften
The sorrows I've found in the world.

TRIFLES.

TRIFLES even are divine,
If affection wreathe them round;
As the constant eglantine
Twines its blossoms o'er the ground:
As o'er stone and rock it flings
Grace and bloom in every part,
So doth Love o'er trifling things
Wreathe the tendrils of the heart.

As those lights, which round the sun
Dark and cold and distant fall,
Snatch a glory as they run
From that orb which quickens all —
So the dark and cold of earth,
Soon as Love illumes their sphere,
Snatch a ray of heavenly birth —
Love can every thing endear!

THOUGH THE LEAVES OF THE ROSE.

THOUGH the leaves of the rose
Sould decline one by one,
Love, you say, will cling to them —
Still cherish them on:
But unchang'd 'midst decay,
If *true* love should appear,
I am sorry to say
There's a deal not sincere!
A deal not sincere!

When the bloom of the rose
Nothing more can renew,
The love that ador'd
Can abandon it too!
The sweet shrine of self
Is the object we view;
If true love be constant —
Where find ye the *true?*
Where find ye the true?

WOMAN'S WILL.

THE moon will have its waning hour,
The dim stars set in gloom;
The buried seed will spring to flower —
The leafless branch may bloom:
And each its own allotted task,
In season due fulfil;
But ne'er, in any season, ask
Woman to change her will,
My boys,
Dear woman to change her will!

First seek to turn the wan moon round,
Whose crescent sails the skies,
Or talk the seed from out the ground,
Before 'tis time to rise:

Expect to change the falling dew
To diamonds by your skill,
But ne'er expect, whate'er ye do,
Woman to change her will,
My boys,
Sweet woman to change her will.

MANY HOPE THAT THE HEART.

Many hope that the heart may outgrow
The folly that leads it astray;
Till to-morrow arrives but to show
The heart just as weak as to-day:
Still careless what ill may ensue
By quitting the pathway of sense,
Still leaving to-morrow to do
What to-morrow will never commence.

Repentance still losing its aim,
Forgotten in profitless tears,
While experience but finds us the same
In every thing else but in years.
What's counsel — when counsel comes vain?
'Tis adding but fuel to fire;
Oh! knowledge is easy to gain —
But *wisdom* is hard to acquire!

THE WIFE'S RICHES.

And what have ye for wife to share,
And how should she be drest —
A silken gown for sabbath wear,
And bonnet of the best?
Nor silken gown, nor glove she'll get —
Nor lace, nor riband dear,
So if on these your mind be set,
I need not tarry here.

And where might the poor maiden dwell
Whom ye to church had shown?
I never yet of roof heard tell,
That ye could call your own.
Oh! little can my love impart,
For small indeed 's my cot;
My wife must e'en dwell in my heart,
Till we find richer lot.

No richer lot would I possess —
No better home obtain —
The wife this little would not bless,
With riches would complain:
So — if ye love me, as you say —
Why then your love shall earn
A grateful wife — whichever way
The tide of fortune turn.

*BIRD AND RIVER.

'Tis the moonlight sleeping
On the mountain height,
Vale and river steeping
In her own pale light;
Nature bends, as listening,
To the vesper hour;
Whilst the dew is glistening
O'er each dreaming flower:
Stealing soft and slowly
Through the moonlight vale,
Hark! like something holy
Sings the nightingale.

Sounds of waters gliding
To the ear are given,
Like an anthem, guiding
Heart and soul to heaven.

Hark, to bird and river,
'Neath the moonlight gleam;
One could list for ever
To so sweet a theme:
Stealing soft and slowly
Through the slumbering vale;
While, like something holy,
Sings the nightingale.

THE LOVING HEART.

Loving heart, still Hope enfolding;
Holy hope the Future holding;
Golden future, still repeating
Promise of eternal meeting;
Still to-morrow's pleasures summing,
Never seen — yet ever coming!

Breaking heart, thy tears concealing,
Sacred tears life's sorrow healing;
Weary life for ever trying
Still to smile, 'mid hourly sighing;
What is that within thee, keeping
All this love 'midst all this weeping?

DARKNESS UPON THE SEA.

Darkness upon the sea,
  Wildly the billow rolls;
Star of Eternity,
  Shine thou upon our souls:
We from our homes are far —
  Perils surround our way,
Shine thou eternal star —
  Save us, we pray!

Dear is our distant land,
  Home and its hopes divine;
Send thine almighty hand —
  Star of life, shine!
Thou, that canst calm the sea,
  Wild as the billows rave;
Star of Eternity,
  Light thou, — and save!

DAME NATURE.

'Tis useless, Nature, to reply;
Not one will your dissent believe;
There's not a grace on earth or sky,
You did not steal from mother Eve!
The snowy lustre of her neck,
Her modest beauty, — all aver
You stole the lily's bud to deck —
And form'd the rose to look like her!
'Tis useless, Nature, to reply,
Not one will your dissent believe;
There's not a grace on earth or sky,
You did not steal from mother Eve.

The azure beam of morning light
Could scarcely match her eye's sweet hue;
Until you taught the stars of night
To mix their beams with heaven's blue.

There's not a charm you could disclose,
A bloom, a grace, you could confer;
No: heaven's own ray, and earth's own rose,
Her *daughters prove* you stole from her!
'Tis useless, Nature, to reply,
Not one will your dissent believe;
There's not a grace on earth or sky,
You did not steal from mother Eve.

OH! FIRST TIME CAME.

Oh! first Time came in crimson shoes —
With little roses blue and yellow,
He came with playthings, to amuse,
And I was then a happy fellow:
In dancing soles he next skipp'd by,
With song and music, sweet and sprightly,
While Love's eyes o'er Time's shoulder nigh,
Smil'd forth, like stars of heaven, nightly.

Again Time call'd in boots and spurs,
And rode as if his days were number'd;
The next in slippers, lin'd with furs,
In elbow-chair he sat, and slumber'd:
I heard the distant music play,
I thought of hours of love and dancing,
But Time grew slower, day by day,
As if with hearse and plume advancing.

Ah me! but once sweet Childhood comes,
But once bright Youth to love may guide us,
Time, year to year, like lightning sums,
And age and darkness stand beside us:
Ah well! old Time, life's but a day —
With some few gleams our path adorning;
The night will come, whate'er we say —
It cannot always, Time, be morning.

THE OUTCAST.

WEAVE, weave, thou snow, my winding sheet,
And I will lay me down to rest;
And when the morning stars shall meet,
It will be peace in this torn breast:
Congeal'd upon these cheeks the tears,
Shall — Misery's witnesses — appear
To shame the heartless world that cheers
The most, where there's least cause to cheer.

For let the wretched cry aloud,
The poor, the suffering, and the weak,—
And there's no feeling in the crowd;
They speak, but as the worldly speak!
Blow sharp, thou blast, — of all bereft,
My bosom to thy rage I bare;
But spare the babe that I have left,
The helpless, and the guiltless — spare!

TRUE LOVELINESS.

She who thinks a noble heart
  Better than a noble mien —
Honours *virtue* more than art,
  Though 'tis less in fashion seen —
Whatsoe'er her fortune be,
She's the bride — the wife — for me!

She who deems that inward grace
  Far surpasses outward show,
She who values less the face
  Than *that charm* the soul can throw. —
Whatsoe'er her fortune be,
She's the bride — the wife — for me!

She who knows the heart requires
  Something more than lips of dew —
That when Love's brief rose expires,
  Love itself dies with it too —
Whatsoe'er her fortune be,
She's the bride — the wife — for me!

SPIRIT OF SONG.

THOU speak'st of stars, like lovers' eyes,
That tremble with excess of light;
Tell us, what star of all the skies
Can set an honest purpose right;
What planet aid an upright mind;
And thou'lt do something for mankind.

Thou speak'st of magic tides that flow
Just as the moon is curv'd or round;
Tell us what tide of earth can show
Where simple Justice may be found?
The tide that leaves not Truth behind,
And thou'lt do something for mankind.

What fount will keep affection true,
  What spell will rivet friendship fast?
What flower will blighted faith renew,
  And keep hope blooming to the last?
Oh! teach the heart but *these* to find,
And prove an angel to mankind.

PART SECOND.

SONGS AND LYRICAL PIECES

NEVER BEFORE COLLECTED.

SONGS

AND

LYRICAL PIECES.

TRIPPING DOWN THE FIELD PATH.

Tripping down the field-path,
Early in the morn,
There I met my own love,
'Midst the golden corn;
Autumn winds were blowing,
As in frolic chase,
All her silken ringlets
Backward from her face,

Little time for speaking
Had she, for the wind
Bonnet, scarf, or ribbon,
Ever swept behind.

Still some sweet improvement
In her beauty shone;
Every graceful movement
Won me—one by one!
As the breath of Venus
Seem'd the breeze of morn,
Blowing thus between us,
'Midst the golden corn.
Little time for wooing
Had we, for the wind
Still kept on undoing
What we sought to bind!

Oh! that autumn morning
In my heart it beams,
Love's last look adorning
With its dream of dreams!

Still like waters flowing
In the ocean shell —
Sounds of breezes blowing
In my spirit dwell!
Still I see the field-path; —
Would that I could see
Her whose graceful beauty
Lost is now to me!

THE WIDOWED MOTHER.

She sat beside the abbey-gate, —
The sun was setting fast;
Its light play'd in her baby's face!
Her own was overcast!
"Oh! smile not here, my baby dear!
Smile not, while I deplore;
And seek relief in tears of grief,
For him who is no more!"

The clouds lay turning to the west
Their gold and crimson rim;
And still—as if the babe they blest—
Threw golden smiles on him!
"Oh! change that brow, my baby now,
Or turn thy gaze from me;
I cannot bear, 'midst all my care,
Thy little smiles to see!

" Some pity take for his dear sake,
Who lov'd *thee* whilst he'd breath;
And told thee this with his last kiss,
And clung to thee in death!"
But still that ray in golden play
Around the baby crept;
And still 'twould smile, though all the while,
The widow'd mother wept!

I HATE THOSE WILD SPIRITS.

I HATE those wild spirits that either are crowing,
As if of the sun they had more than their share,
More boisterous far than a nor-wester blowing,
Or sunk in the uttermost depths of despair.
Give me the firm nature that, tranquil and fearless,
Some hope 'midst the tide of misfortune can find;
Not too sanguine to-day, nor to-morrow too cheerless,
But reason the rudder that governs the mind.

Those weathercock-feelings that ever seem fated
To change their direction whatever winds draw;
One moment depress'd, in another elated —
Now led by a feather, now lost by a straw;

Give me the true heart upon which there's reliance,
Ere known what the hour's passing humour may plan ;
One that laughs at slight cares, or can bid them defiance,
And bear his misfortunes, erect, like a man.

STARS ON THE RIVER.

Stars on the river
  Night swiftly clears,—
Blest be the Giver
  Of eve and her spheres!
Blest be the river
  In moonlight that rolls!
Hope's spirit ever
  Thus beam on our souls!

Dew on the roses:
  I've shaken each crest,
One now reposes
  All warm on my breast;
Would we might waken
  From life's weary woes
With tears as swift shaken
  As dews from the rose!

Cares may have bound us —
  Why thus repine?
Love is around us,
  With all things divine:
Words never stated
  The love by Him given
Who earth first created,
  Then — *wreath'd it with heaven.*

TEMPERANCE SONG.

Let the Sun be thy nectar!
  Drink deep of its beams;
Let the greensward of nature
  Thy banquet hall be!
Fill thy spirit with sunlight,—
  'Tis richer than streams
Of the wine-flowing goblet,
  And better for thee!—

Let the Sun be thy nectar;
  'Tis next to divine!
Where's a vintage more golden
  To gladden thine eyes?
What's the charm of the goblet,
  The grace of the vine,
Compared to a banquet
  Thus brought from the skies?

Oh! air of the mountain!
  Best wine of the world! —
Enrich'd with the sweetness
  Of nature alone, —
I drink of thy spirit,
  With sun-gems impearl'd;
And challenge Man's vintage
  To equal thine own!

THE LAST MEETING.

So mournfully she gaz'd on him
As if her heart would break;
Her silence more upbraided him
Than all her tongue might speak!

So mournfully she gaz'd on him,
Yet answer made she none;—
But tears that could not be repress'd,
Fell slowly, one by one.

"I hop'd," she said,—but what she hop'd
In blushes died away:
"I thought," she said, — but what she thought
Her tears might only say!

She could do nought but gaze on him,
For answer she had none;
But tears that could not be repress'd,
Fell slowly, one by one.

Alas! that life should be so short—
So short, and yet so sad:
Alas! that we so late are taught
To prize the time we had!

The silent sorrow of that hour
Will haunt his daily track;
And oft he'll wish, when lost the power,
He'd called that weeper back.

OH! IT WAS IN THE MOONLIGHT.

Oh! it was in the moonlight
We two walk'd forth alone;
The silvery softness woo'd us
With magic of its own!
The Moon, as if she lov'd us,
Seem'd with us gliding on;
And blended in her holy light
Our shadows into one.

Our shadows into one, my dear,
As if the heavens above
Beheld our hearts and knew, though *two*,
They were made one by love!
The music of the silvery night
Enchanted all our way:
The very earth seem'd dress'd in white,
As for our bridal day!

As for our bridal day, my love,
The earth this gladness bore;
For us the graceful trees and flowers
Their whitest favours wore!
And like an augury of love
To last till life had gone,
Our shadows in the Moon's sweet light,
Our hearts and souls *seem'd one.*

AN EMBLEM.—A LONELY CLOUD.

"Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

A LONELY cloud, as eve began,
Its quiet rest did take,
As graceful as a sleeping swan
Upon a moonlit lake:
One star, companion of the west,
Shone 'mid that cloudy sphere,
Like hope, within a human breast,
When sorrow darkens near!

And oh! methought, for all our woes
A lesson here is given:
Would man might thus his griefs repose
Upon the breast of heaven—
Look upward to that realm afar
When worldly cares have birth,
And rest his hope on God's own star—
And take his heart from earth!

UNKINDNESS.

Oh! could I learn indifference
From all I hear and see;
Nor think, nor care, for others, more
Than they may care for me!
Why follow thus, with vain regret,
To serve a broken claim;
If others can so soon forget,
Why should not I the same?
Oh! could I learn indifference
From all I hear and see;
Nor think, nor care, for others, more
Than they may care for me!

There is no blight that winter throws,
No frost, however stern,
Like that which chill'd affection knows —
Which hearts, forsaken, learn!

What solace can the world impart
When love's reliance ends?
Oh! there's no winter for the heart
Like that *unkindness* sends!
Oh! could I learn indifference
From all I hear and see;
Nor think, nor care, for others, more
Than they may care for me!

TAKE THE WORLD AS IT IS.

TAKE the world as it is!—there are good and bad
in it—
And good and bad will be from now to the end;
And they, who expect to make saints in a minute,
Are in danger of marring more hearts than they'll
mend.
If ye wish to be happy ne'er seek for the faults,
Or you're sure to find something or other amiss;
'Mid much that debases, and much that exalts,
The world's not a bad one if left as it is!

Take the world as it is!—if the surface be shining,
Ne'er rake up the sediment hidden below!
There's wisdom in this, but there's none in repining
O'er things which can rarely be mended, we know.
There's beauty around us, which let us enjoy;
And chide not, unless it may be with a kiss;
Though Earth's not the Heaven we thought when
a boy,
There's something to live for, if ta'en as it is!

Take the world as it is!—with its smiles and its sorrow,
Its love and its friendship — its falsehood and truth —
Its schemes that depend on the breath of to-morrow!
Its hopes which pass by like the dreams of our youth —
Yet, oh! whilst the light of affection may shine,
The heart in itself hath a fountain of bliss!
In the *worst* there's some spark of a nature divine,
And the wisest and best *take the world as it is.*

THE SUN THAT WARMS.

THE Sun that warms the fading flower,
May cheer, not change, its doom;
May stay its fate for one brief hour,
But ne'er restore its bloom!
So when the wither'd heart receives
The light of love too late,
Its charm awhile the wreck relieves,
But cannot change its fate!

That heart, if yesterday caress'd,
Perchance had 'scap'd decay!
That smile, which yesterday had blest,
Comes all in vain to-day!
Then, oh! Love's vow of honour keep —
Nor let Affection wait;
For vain repentance — vain to weep,
When kindness comes too late!

MARY.

THE graceful and the beautiful,
The gentle, kind, and airy,
Together met, to mould the form,
And gift the mind of Mary:
There's nature in each careless curl,
In every grace a moral;
Her mouth—'tis Cupid's mouth—sweet girl,
And full of pearls and coral!

She's like the key-stone to an arch
That consummates all beauty;
She's like the music to a march,
Which sheds a joy on duty!
All happy thoughts and feelings rife
Seem evermore to guide her;
The very ills and cares of life
Forget themselves beside her!

Each sweet expressive glance appears
Of nature's best selection;
It took the world six thousand years
To perfect such perfection!
All gifts divine that could combine,
All charms of nymph or fairy,
Agreed to grace one beauteous face,
And witch the world with Mary!

She speeds as if with wings, so fleet
No birds could ere surpass them,
Yet none can ever spy her feet,
Though 'tis believ'd she has them!
She lends a spell to every scene,
Her step makes *winter* vernal;
A something half divine, between
The earthly and eternal!

A MORN OF LOVE.

THE sun arose, 'mid clouds withdrawn,
In golden haze, in amber-mist;
The mountains in the gradual dawn
Blush'd as the god their foreheads kiss'd.

The spirit of the morning threw
A holiness where'er we trod;
And every drop of perfect dew
Enshrin'd an image of the god.

Oh! thus, I sigh'd, as bears the dew
The presence of yon orb divine,
So shrines my heart a form as true,
And that blest form, dear maid, is thine.

In sweet confusion stood she by,
With modest air, abash'd and meek;
The blushes of the eastern sky
Had left their throne to grace her cheek.

Still not in these spoke Hope alone,
But in her eyes where Truth was born:
Oh! never heart of man had known
So fair a love, so sweet a morn!

MILDLY, OH! MOON OF NIGHT.

Mildly, oh! Moon of Night,
Walk'st thou the skies;
As if beneath thy light
No grief could rise!
As if thy beauty there
Shed sweetness everywhere;
As life ne'er lodg'd with care,
Sorrow, and sighs!

Shine where thou wilt, fair Moon,
Still must thou see
Love's roses all too soon
Lost from life's tree:
Hopes which have pass'd away,
Friendships that liv'd a day!
When Love and Hope decay,
What must life be?

ALONE AT EVE.

ALONE at eve, when all is still —
And memory turns to other years,
How oft our weary hearts we fill
With feeling's dark and bitter tears:
The friendships of our youthful day —
The hopes, which time could ne'er fulfil,
And voices that have pass'd away,
Return at eve — when all is still! —

When all is still except the breast
That wakes to long remember'd woe;
Of parted hopes, and hearts oppress'd,
And lov'd ones buried long ago! —
Yet solace may our spirits find, —
A star to light the darkest ill;
There's *One* the broken heart can bind —
Alone at eve — when all is still!



GILD YOUR FEATHERS.

YOUNG Love but seldom ask'd advice,
And when he ask'd but seldom took it;
But he'd been humbled once or twice,
And his proud spirit could not brook it:
So he got WISDOM to impart
His care and counsel for all weathers;
Which was, to seek no maiden's heart,
Until he'd richly gilt his feathers!

Love smil'd; and soon his pinions bore
A golden blaze of beauty round him;
And maids, who'd scorn'd young Love before,
Now full of grace and sweetness found him!
Such taste — such spirit — such delight —
A wing to warm the worst of weathers.
Ha! ha! cried Love, but WISDOM's right —
There's nought like gilding well one's feathers.

WHEN LIFE HATH SORROW FOUND.

When life hath sorrow found
Fond words may falter,
But hearts that love hath bound
Time cannot alter.
No, though in grief we part,
Meet in dejection,
Tears but expand the heart,
Ripen affection.
When life hath sorrow found
Fond words may falter,
But hearts that love hath bound
Time cannot alter.

When o'er a distant sea,
When griefs are nearest,
Still will I think of thee,
Still love thee, dearest.

Tir'd Hope may, like the rose,
  Fade 'neath time's fleetness,
Yet yield each blast that blows
  Half its own sweetness.
When life hath sorrow found
  Fond words may falter,
But hearts that love hath bound
  Time cannot alter.

OH! ASK NOT IF I LOVE THEE WELL.

Oh! ask not if I love thee well,
For thou dost surely know,
It suits not maiden's lips to tell
They love — though it were so!
Thou with thine own wild doubts must cope;
I dare not say thou 'rt priz'd! —
Nor must I even bid thee hope, —
For Hope is Love disguis'd!

For there are those who oft will slight,
And many that will scorn;
And love that seems so warm at night,
May die of cold ere morn!
Yet, if thou lov'st to sing to me,
Beside our village spring;
Go, take thy young lute from the tree —
And I will hear thee sing!

Perchance I should not list those chords,
And this, too, may be wrong:
Yet surely if there's harm in words —
There is no harm in song!
And I will hear thee, as of yore,
Sing like a forest dove;
If thou wilt promise never more
To ask me if I love.

THE WORLD.

WANT sense, and the world will o'erlook it;
Want feeling, — 't will find some excuse;
But if the world knows you want money,
You're certain to get its abuse:
The wisest advice in existence,
Is ne'er on its kindness to call;
The best way to get its assistance
Is — show you don't need it at all!

"Man's the Gold!" said the bard, with a feeling
That still his discretion outran;
For each day of our life is revealing
The bard should have said, — "Gold is Man."
Gold is genius, and greatness, and merit;
Want gold — you want all that gold brings!
But if *fortune* you only inherit,
The world will excuse other things.

COLD BLOWS THE BLAST.

Cold blows the blast, though the summer is nigh;
Cold gleam the stars, and all pale as in tears;
But colder this heart in my bosom doth lie,—
This heart that should be in the spring of its years.

Dark sets the storm over wild wood and field,
The herds to their wind-shaken solitude flee;
But darker the woes in my bosom conceal'd,
And wilder the fortune that waits upon me!

Sad as a wing-broken bird from its nest,
I wander the night, and no shelter I see;
But the chill pining heart of the bird shall find rest,
And sweet is the rest God will yet grant to me.

SPEED YOUR SAILS.

SPEED your sails, ye Ships of England,
Crowd your colours to the mast,
Ye, that for a hundred winters,
Brav'd the billow and the blast;
Wreathe your gallant decks with roses —
Bid your loyalty be seen;
Let your vollied broadsides proudly,
And your voices, ringing loudly,
Swell the triumph of your queen!

Front to front, ye hosts of England,
Flash your bayonets to the sky;
Ye, that 'mid the bolts of battle,
Bar'd your manly breasts to die,
Wreathe your conquering flag with roses —
Bid your loyalty be seen;
Let your drums and trumpets proudly
And your voices, soldiers, loudly
Sound the greatness of your queen!

For the mighty throne of England
Never nobler sovereign knew,
Worthier as a wife and mother,
Unto every duty true!
So I wreathe my verse with roses,
Bid my loyalty be seen;
And in heart and feeling proudly,
And in song and music loudly —
Sing the Queen! God bless the Queen.

THE LADYE ARABELLE.

THE hall is bright with song and light,
The *dancers* fair as youth can make them;
And fortune's bowers, so rich in flowers,
They seem but born to choose — and take them!
Yet, no! there's one who pines alone
Amid the joys that round her dwell —
She sits apart with aching heart —
The lovely Ladye Arabelle!

A voice is near that chills her ear —
A phantom-voice, for ever sighing,
"Rise, maiden, rise! — thy lover lies
Low on the forest pathway *dying!*
The hand that slew thy lover true
Now wears *a ring*, thou'lt know full well!"
— She's up and fled! — to find the dead!
The lovely Ladye Arabelle.

All dark she found the forest ground —
The phantom-voice was still beside her;
Amidst the storm there gleam'd a form —
A spectre hand that seem'd to guide her!
A murder'd knight at morning light
Was found — but none, alas! may tell
The madd'ning care, the wild despair
Of lovely Ladye Arabelle.

IT IS BUT A COTTAGE.

It is but a cottage, but where is the heart
That would love not its home, be it ever so small?
There's a charm in that spot, which no words may impart,
Where the birds and the roses seem sweetest of all.
It is but a cottage, but still for a friend
There's a chair and whatever the table supplies.
To the mind that's content with what fortune may send,
Why a cot is a palace that monarchs might prize.

I envy no statesman his honours and fame,
The path of ambition is deck'd to ensnare,
The title most dear is a good honest name
And ambition may envy the man without care.

It is but a cottage, a slight little place
Scarce worthy the glance of a traveller's eyes;
But, oh! with content, and a friend's smiling face,
Why a cot is a palace that monarchs might prize.

LO! FROM THE EASTERN SKY.

Lo! from the eastern sky
Bright morn is breaking,
Songs sweetly float on hīgh
Love's spirit waking:
Welcome this hour of praise,
Love and light blending;
Music with heaven's rays
Prayer-like ascending!

Earth hath immortal wings
Hopefully given —
Guiding each thought that springs
Fondly to heaven: —
Blest be the streams that rove,
Fountain and river;
Nature's own voice of love
Singing for ever.

OH! IF BEAUTY WERE ALL.

Oh! if beauty were all that affection desir'd,
If the heart to mere feature might still remain true,
I could gaze on thy form, and deem nothing requir'd
To seal the sweet charm that thy gracefulness threw:—
But, alas! though the shrine be so brilliant to sight,
The mind's sweeter loveliness dwells in it not;
Like the flower on which Nature hath lavish'd her light,
But the charm most enduring—its fragrance—forgot!

If the rose of thy cheek, love, might never decay,
Thy form all its radiant beauty retain—
If those eyes, that eclipse the clear azure of day,
As beaming, enchanting, might ever remain;—

Still, believe me, the shrine its adorers would lose—
'Tis Mind that alone is with constancy blest.
Oh! it is not the flower of the loveliest hues,
But the flower of most fragrance we wear on our breast!

HOPE.

Love's barque was wreck'd—and so the crew,
  According to their rigid law,
One of their comrades, *Hope*, o'erthrew
Into the rolling waters blue;
  Who, sinking, gasping—grasp'd a straw!

Love wept; and thought that life had set,
  When thus poor drowning Hope he saw;
But soon they told him not to fret,—
'Twas not, they said, the first time yet,
  That Hope had *lived* upon a straw!

Scarce said, ere 'neath that stormy scope
  Hope floated, 'midst the crew's applause;
And now, so common is the trope,
That people rarely think of Hope,
  Unless, alas! they think of straws!

THE HOUR OF LOVE.

THE stars are climbing up the hill,
  Like footsteps of the night;
And, like a child, the little rill
  Runs whimpering out of sight.
It is an hour when love hath birth—
  When hands and hearts are given;
An hour when stars are nearer earth,
  And lovers nearer heaven!

When visions of the future glow,
  Despite the world's control;
And whispers musical and low
  Steal softly o'er the soul!
An hour, all other moments worth,
  That life hath ever given;
When heaven's own stars are nearer earth,
  And lovers nearer heaven!

INDEPENDENCE.

Ye depend on one another
  For each comfort ye enjoy;—
There is nought the heart can foster
  That the heart may not destroy!
To every mind that ponders,
  To every heart that feels,
There's not a day but something
  This hidden truth reveals!
Thus—thus throughout creation
  The links of life had birth;
Ye speak of Independence,—
  There is no such thing on earth!

The seed of friendship blooms not;
  No leaf can it impart,
Until it finds a welcome
  In some congenial heart!

The light of Love can warm not
'Till found some kindred shrine,
And then it springs immortal,
And shows itself divine!—
Thus—thus throughout creation
The links of life had birth:
Ye speak of Independence,—
There is no such thing on earth!—

WHEN LOVE WE SONG THE BEST.

WHEN love we song the best?
When the voice of home we hear,
When the day hath hied to rest,
And our friends are smiling near!
Then we turn the leaves of song,
Whilst our fingers touch the keys,
And the spirit wake that long
Hath enchanted hours like these!
Then love we song the best,
When the voice of home we hear,
When the day hath hied to rest,
And our friends are smiling near!

When love we song the best?
When congenial souls among,
Then each feeling truly blest
Loves the eloquence of song!

When, like living harps, our hearts
  Beat harmoniously within;
And the spell which *it* imparts,
  Makes all ranks of life akin;
Then love we song the best,
  When the voice of home we hear,
When the day hath hied to rest,
  And our friends are smiling near!

THOU DOST NOT LOVE ME.

Thou dost not love me! take away
Those arms that twine around me;
I thought thee true as tongue can say:
I think thee — what I've found thee.
Go, take to other maids thy kiss,
Nor deem of me so lowly,
That I could stoop my heart to this,
A love so false, unholy.

I will not have thine arm so fond,
Nor hear thy tongue's deceiving!
Oh! what are words when all beyond
Is full of deepest grieving!
Take, take thy false, false kiss away,
Those eyes, those looks, that chill me;
I cannot, will not, dare not stay —
Thy falsehood else will kill me!

THE TRUMPET HAD SOUNDED.

THE trumpet had sounded —
The drum beat to arms —
But he stay'd yet to bless her,
And swear by her charms,
That no foreign beauty,
Nor riches — nor power —
Should find him forgetting
His own English flower!
He kiss'd her fair ringlets,
One look — and away: —
He pass'd like the sunlight,
And dark grew the day!

There was gleaming of falchion
To slay and deform;
There was hissing of bullet,
Like hail through the storm!

There was waving of standard —
And tossing of plume —
'Mid war-cry and death-cry
And battle's red gloom :
But the Victor triumphant
Return'd with proud name,
And the heart of a Princess
Was won by his fame !

A war for a moment
His bosom assail'd,
'Twixt honour and *riches !* —
But honour prevail'd :
Still true to his station
And her he lov'd best,
The light of temptation
Grew dim in his breast :
And the Hero hath taken
His love's little hand, —
More bless'd than espousing
The queen of the land !

CORONATION SONG.

Thou music of a nation's voice,
Thou grace of old Britannia's throne,
Thou light, round which all hearts rejoice,
God save and guard thee, England's own.
While thousand, thousand hearts are thine,
And Britain's blessing rests on thee,
Pure may thy crown, Victoria, shine —
And all thy subjects *lovers* be!

Come, wives! from cottage-home and field!
Come, daughters! oh, ye lovely, come!
Bid every tongue its homage yield,
Sound, trumpets, sound! and peal the drum!
God save the Queen, ring high, ye bells!
Swell forth a people's praise afar;
She's crown'd! — the acclaiming cannon tells —
The Queen! God save the Queen! Hurrah!

Long may she live, to prove the best
And noblest crown a Queen can wear,
Is that a people's love hath bless'd,
Whose happiness is in her care!
God bless the Queen! ring sweet, ye bells!
Swell forth old England's joy afar;
She's crown'd, the exulting cannon tells: —
The Queen! God bless the Queen! Hurrah!

June, 1838.

I LOOK TO THE WEST.

I LOOK to the West, where 'midst darkness and cold,
The sun hath descended, like sorrow, to rest;
And I tell my sad heart still some comfort to hold,
For a morn yet shall beam in that land of the blest.

So I hush my sweet baby that shivering sleeps,
And think of the arms that await him above,
Though the tears of his mother congeal as she weeps,
No winter can enter God's kingdom of love.

Thou sleep'st not, my father — who cast me away,
Thou sleep'st not, dear mother — who pray'd for thy child;
But long ere the cold wintry coming of day
The heart-broke shall sleep with her babe by her side.

GOD MADE THE HEART.

God made the heart with every chord
Responsive to his love;
To cheer, to bless, and keep his word —
Like angel hearts above!

'Twas made to feel for other's woe,
Life's sorrows to beguile;
To soothe the tears the wretched know,
And bid the mourner smile.

'Twas made to be the charm of earth,
Where all affections meet;
Where every human bliss hath birth,
And every hope is sweet.

'Twas form'd the weak and sad to aid,
To bid misfortune flee;
If Man ne'er marr'd what God had made,
How heavenly earth would be!

COME, TELL ME THY SORROW.

Come, tell me thy sorrow, and if I can aid thee,
My heart and my purse are both thine to the end;
If not, seek support from the being that made thee,
But mourn not as if without solace, my friend.
Though the sky be now dark, there is hope for to-morrow,
A sunlight to come, which the morn may restore;
Then cheer! bid thy soul spring immortal o'er sorrow,
Thou hast one friend at least, if thou canst not find more.

Ne'er fancy thine own disappointments are greater
Than theirs who seem *right* whatsoever they do;
Misfortune finds all either sooner or later;
Life's mourners are many — the mirthful are few.

Then vex not thy spirit with fears and surmises,
But wrestle with care, and thy firmness restore;
There's a star for thee yet, and, till brightly it rises,
Thou hast one friend at least, if thou canst not
find more.

I WILL NOT GIVE MY HEART AWAY.

I WILL not give my heart away;
I am too proud, I don't deny it;
And so, whatever you may say,
I will not give it — you must buy it!
It is not gold — it is not land —
Nor name, nor fame, nor high degree;
But if, indeed, you wish my hand,
I'll tell you what the price shall be!

And first, the House,—I'd have it good;
And furnish'd nobly, of the best!—
Its inward worth well understood,
Its soundness equal to the test!
I'd have it warm in every part;
In every trial, firm as well;
If that House is to be your Heart,
And in that Heart I am to dwell!

Oh! some with *counterfeits* will try,
Before with Love's true gold they'll part;
They think, but once deceive the eye,
'Tis easy to deceive the heart!
But with no counterfeits, though new,
And bravely gilt, will I be caught;
Though glittering brighter than the true,
With no such coin will I be bought.

Give me the heart that's rich in worth,
Although in worldly riches poor;
The want of fortune upon earth
Is not the worst want we endure!
The want of feeling—temper—trust—
The want of truth, when hearts are sought,
Gold, *link'd to these*, is worse than dust,
With no such gold will I be bought.

No: 'tis not gold—it is not land—
Nor name, nor fame, nor high degree;
But if, indeed, you wish my hand,
I've told you what the price shall be.

THE SWEETEST OF ALL.

Oh! 'sweet comes the grace of the young dewy morning,
As queen-like she steps from her cloud-pillar'd hall;
And lovely the rose-bud its wild home adorning,
But Love's modest bloom is the sweetest of all.

And sweet is the glimpse of the moon o'er the ocean,
Whose rays, like a blessing, upon our path fall;
But the light that awakens the heart's first emotion,
Oh! Love's stolen glance is the sweetest of all.

There's music in Nature, like deeper revealings
Of memories pass'd which her voice would recall:
There are tones that like angels may visit our feelings,
But Love's whisper'd word is the sweetest of all.

TIME TO ME.

TIME to me this truth hath taught,
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing;—
More offend from want of thought,
Than from any want of feeling.
If advice we would convey,
There's *a time* we should convey it;
If we've but a word to say,
There's *a tone* in which to say it!

Many a beauteous flower decays,
Though we tend it e'er so much
Something secret on it preys,
Which no human aid can touch!
So, in many a lovely breast,
Lies some canker-grief conceal'd;
That if touch'd, is more oppress'd!
Left unto itself—is heal'd!

Oft, unknowingly, the tongue
  Touches on a chord so aching,
That a word, or accent, wrong,
  Pains the heart almost to breaking.
Many a tear of wounded pride,
  Many a fault of human blindness,
Had been soothed, or turn'd aside,
  By a quiet voice of kindness!

Time to me this truth hath taught,
  'Tis a truth that's worth revealing;—
More offend from want of thought,
  Than from any want of feeling.

THE HEART AND ROSE.

Rose, with all thine odour fled,
Brightness lost, and beauty parted,
Drooping low thy tearful head,
Like one forlorn and broken-hearted:
Though the world refuse to see
What, alas! there's no concealing,
Still there's one can mourn for thee —
All are not alike unfeeling.

Many a heart as full of tears
Bending lonely, none to guide it,
Soon as one kind hand appears,
Brighter hopes spring warm beside it.
'Tis not much the Rose requires,
With a *word* the Heart is healing:
Oh! the joy such act inspires!
What is life devoid of feeling?

NAY, STAY, WE'LL HAVE MANY SONGS MORE.

Nay, stay; we'll have many songs more
As jovial still, ere we part,
For 'tis *thus* when our feelings run o'er
That we touch the true key to the Heart!
Besides 'tis so long since we met,
It were folly to hasten Time's flight,
No, stay—we'll have many songs yet,
Ere we whisper a word of "Good Night!"

The daughter of Cœlus, they say,
Her love to dark Erebus told;
And scatter'd such stars on her way,
That the god quite mistook them for gold!
But the gold he thought ever to claim,
With Morn died away from his sight;
Thus our joys will but vanish the same,
The moment we whisper "Good Night!"

JOY.

EARTH her summer wealth is bringing,
Every bough is, like a lyre,
Answering to the wind's low singing —
Sweet as bells from Fancy's spire!
Milder light is on the fountain,
Softer bloom upon the flower;
Joy comes dancing down the mountain,
Joy with roses wreathes the hour.

See the stars in golden dances
O'er the fields of azure glide;
See, the ocean soft advances—
Sparkling light with fairy tide:
Flowers with fond and gentle motion,
Leaves with grace no storms annoy;
All around—earth, heav'n, and ocean—
Feel the influence of Joy!

DESPAIR.

I HAD a dream of many lands,
A voyage fleet and far,
Beyond the waste and desert sands —
The light of sun or star:
I saw a fearful shape arise,
The spirit of Despair;
His awful head gloom'd 'mid the skies,
And clouds his footstools were!

The scars and furrows myriad years
Had branded on his head,
Were channels old of human tears
That from all time were shed:
His shadowy hands, from east to west,
Obscur'd the troubled air;
And nations saw in dread their guest,
And, shrieking, breath'd Despair!

The billows backward rag'd and roar'd,
One spring the Tempest took,
And flash'd around his lightning-sword,
Whilst hills and forests shook:
And, Nature, to whose gentle breast
All human griefs repair,
Could find no home for the oppress'd—
No refuge 'gainst "Despair!"

MIRTH.

See, the merry village train,
By the fields of golden grain,
Wreathed with flowers and ribands gay,
Speed the rush-cart on its way!
Dancing, sporting, leaping, singing,
Bells and glittering symbols ringing;
Frolic, mirth, and laughter loud
Gather 'neath that Climber proud,
Up the pole to gain the crown.
Ha! ha! ha! he's down! he's down!
Ha! ha! ha! he's down! he's down!

Jocund thought and sportive jest
Cheer each aged rustic's breast;
Many an earlier feat is told —
Many a prank among the bold —
Former spirits — olden might —
When their hearts and heels were light!

See, ha! ha! the race of sacks —
Half the jumpers on their backs —
Three — now two — contest the crown.
Ha! ha! ha! they both are down!
Ha! ha! ha! they both are down!

MELANCHOLY.

UNDER the cypress shade
Near the wild holly,
Where her last hope is laid,
Mourns Melancholy:
All voices weary now —
All pleasures tire her;
Love cannot charm her brow —
Music inspire her!
No, 'neath the cypress shade,
By the wild holly,
Where her last hope is laid,
Mourns Melancholy.

Still in the stars she reads
Sorrow and parting;
Still on the future feeds —
Drinks the tears starting:

Come, list the music light —
  See, fairies tripping!
Gay nymphs o'er garlands bright
  Sporting and skipping! —
No, 'neath the cypress shade
  Near the wild holly,
Where her last hope is laid,
  Mourns Melancholy.

HOPE.

I KNOW he will return!
  There's something in my heart —
A light, as of a star,
  That dwells, like truth, apart!
A feeling to confide —
  On what I scarce discern;
But oh! a voice within
  Still says "*He will return!*"

I dreamt an angel came,
  With soft and starry wing,
That scatter'd bloom and joy
  O'er every living thing.
Her breath was on my cheek —
  Her whisper in mine ear;
Oh! angel words are sweet,
  But none like *Hope's* to cheer!

She show'd me where his ship —
The ocean's glory — sail'd ;
Where neither mist nor storm
Nor wintry wrath prevail'd :
So beauteous o'er the deep,
From gallant stem to stern,
I bless'd it in my sleep ; —
Yes, *Hope!* he *will* return !

THE END.

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